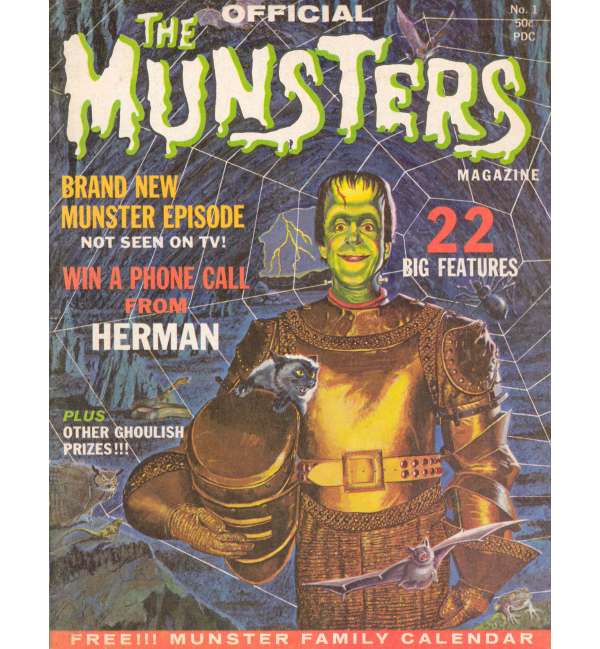
OFFICIAL
THE MUNSTERS
MAGAZINE
No. 1
50¢
PDC
BRAND NEW MUNSTER EPISODE
NOT SEEN ON TV!
WIN A PHONE CALL FROM HERMAN
22 BIG FEATURES
PLUS OTHER GHOULISH PRIZES!!!
FREE!!! MUNSTER FAMILY CALENDAR

WELCOME, FELLOW FIENDS

live in a fiendly world of ghosts and goblins and things that bump in the night . . . a land of vampires, ghouls and howling wolves lurking around every corner.

You'll need a guide.

Me.

The madmen on the staff of this magazine have asked me to escort you through the following pages, pages filled with all sorts of gruesome goodies. They worked well into the night (Daylight does *strange* things to them) to put together this juicy morsel of Munsterous fun and fancy.

Hope you like what they've done. If you don't, they'll probably turn over in their graves!

So hook your claws onto the next page and begin your thrilling journey.

I've asked a buddy along just in case something should happen to yours truly. You probably heard of him.

His name is Larry.

But don't worry, he's not hungry.

. . . yet.

—Herman Munster

Vol. 1, No. 1

THE OFFICIAL MUNSTERS MAGAZINE

ROGER ELWOOD, Editor **ROBERT ROSENTHAL, Art Director**
OTTO BINDER, Special Features **LYN RICHMOND, Ass't Art Director**
CHRIS STEINBRUNNER, Associate Editor
FRED GRAVINSKI, Editorial Assistant

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We had to piece this together (He's come from lots of places, you know) but here, at long last, is the truth about the man behind the Munster.

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Sink your fangs into this toothsome report—another exclusive!

10 GRANDPA MUNSTER — HAVE CRYPT, WILL FLY
The blood of some famous people runs through his veins (He got it from them in the first place) and his gory story is a colorful (mostly red) one.

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A ghoulish report about Little Eddie and Marilyn. The facts we dug up (from six feet under) will surprise you!

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Beginning with August, through to the end of 1965, this personal gift from the Munsters themselves is yours *free* in this issue. Just detach it from the magazine and hang it in your room. In our *next* issue, we'll print *another* section, covering the first half of 1966.

36 YOUR OWN PRIVATE ROADMAP TO TRANSYLVANIA
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Some questions to ask your friends. Award prizes to the one with the most correct answers.

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42 WIN A PHONE CALL FROM HERMAN OR LILY MUNSTER
Imagine! Actually talk to Frankenstein's best friend, or his lovely Mrs. . . . ask either of them all sorts of questions . . . the thrill of your munsterous life! The boy winner talks to Lily, the girl winner to Herman. But that's not all. We have other *big* prizes just waiting!

44 THE MUNSTER MENU
Ever wonder what meals are like at the Munster house? Well, you needn't puzzle any longer. We present the complete list of exotic foods, mouth-watering beverages and delicious desserts prepared by Lily herself—everything but steaks (They make Grandpa feel a bit uneasy.)

46 HISTORY OF THE MUNSTER FAMILY
Fully-illustrated and carefully researched, this exclusive history lets you meet face-to-face, horn-to-horn, fang-to-fang, all their crazy relatives . . . learn their family secrets . . . and haunt their old haunts! A fascinating picture gallery is included.

50 GRAVE JOKES YOU'LL DIG
A generous helping of Munster jokes selected by Herman himself.

52 ALL ABOUT THE MUNSTER KOACH
It's the weirdest car in the world. It cost a fortune to put together. But what exactly *is* it? Read this exclusive article and find out.

55 A VISIT TO THE GRANDPA'S CRYPT
He proves that there's no place like home but what he hates is pulling up stakes all the time . . . likes to settle in *one* coffin and *stay* there!

58 THE DAY LILY WENT SHOPPING
She seldom goes out, you know. When she does, it's always a memorable occasion. Join her on a shopping spree this time. In our next issue, you'll follow her on a different jaunt.

61 GRANDPA MUNSTER IN A TIME MACHINE
You'll laugh until your sides split as Grandpa goes back in time and meets prehistoric cavemen, Spanish buccaneers, a kooky Salem witch, and other assorted characters from the pages of history.

66 TEASER FLICKS
Two rare stills unearthed from Grandpa's treasure chest of horrordom.

68 MUNSTERS PINUP GALLERY
Free bonus—first time ever! Full-color portrait each issue . . . suitable for framing.

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HERMAN

THE STORY OF MY BIRTH (1234-1629)

Except for those two bolts protruding from either side of his neck, sunken eyes, a forehead graced by an improperly-healed saber slash and height of over seven feet, Herman Munster is an average American home owner.

Taxes, local politics, property values and the welfare of his family are of constant concern to him, as are his standing in the community, his weight and crabgrass. Just like you and me and **our** folks.

And, like most of us, Herman has a hobby. It is digging.

A gentle soul, Mr. Munster is easily hurt and consequently extremely considerate of the feelings of others. He is a devoted father, a model husband and actually an upstanding local personage although his neighbors make no secret of their wish that he would move.

As head of the Munster household, Herman has his work cut out for him. Try as they will to nurture friendships among the other residents of the community, the Munsters find acceptance comes hard. Can they help it if they scare the living daylights out of everyone they meet? Are they to be shunned just because, with one swipe of his hand, Grandpa Munster can turn a nasty neighbor into a pillar of salt?

Of course it's not that he would ever intentionally do such a thing. But sometimes things **do** slip out.

Herman lives with his wife, Lily, his ten-year-old son Eddie, his father, known as Grandpa, and his nineteen-year-old niece Marilyn. The family resides at 43 Mockingbird Lane, Camelot, New Jersey.

The home is a nine-room, three-dungeon Old Victorian mansion finished in a style that can best be described as Early Neglect. It is tucked away in an eerie ever-present low-hanging wet mist which in turn is shrouded in an ominous black cloud. For some unexplained reason, not another house on the street shares such atmospheric conditions. The house next door could be bathed in sunshine but it stops when it reaches the Munster plot line.

Herman is not one to dislike the rain. The wet grounds make it easier for him to pursue his hobby. As you remember, it's digging.

LILY

The Life of a Lady VAMPIRE

"My father, ot course, is a Count," Lily told us. "That makes me a countess. Herman, however, has no title so I call him my No-a-Count husband. However, I hope to give him lessons in vampirism so that he can get a little royal blood for himself. The only trouble is there are so few people of royal lineage in the United States. Well, there is Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and the owner of that chain of supermarkets . . . you know, King Korn?

"During the last war I worked as a volunteer for the Red Cross. They fired me, however, when they found out why I was always so eager to be working the blood donor detail. They said it wasn't cricket for me to be taking home samples!

"Did I tell you about the time I won first prize in the Transylvanian Animals Show? I developed a new breed of blood suckers. I mated a leech with a mosquito and the results were absolutely blood-curdling.

"I am also the honorary Den Mother of the Transylvania Girl Scouts and I frequently lecture the budding little vamps on proper behavior. For example, I tell them never to indulge in reckless necking. Love bites are nice, and all that, but, I tell the girls, don't be too greedy because red-blooded males are pretty hard to find. A goodnight nip at the door is all right; gives him a chance to go home and build up his blood supply before your next date. Also, stick to your own type, I say, if possible. Sometimes an RH positive vampire finds she gets an upset tummy if she comes up against an RH negative victim . . . er, conquest!

"Well, that's the way it goes in the life of a lady vampire. I suppose to be really successful at it, one must really be in vein for the job. I know I am. If I meet you one night soon, I'd like to show you what I mean but for now, please excuse me. I've got to fly home. Grandpa just installed a new appliance in our house. It's a do-it-yourself-transfusion kit and I can't wait to try it.

"Oh, dear, you **do** look terrible. Did our interview drain you? Ah, well . . . you **were** delicious to talk to, anyway."

SCARED OF HAUNTED HOUSES? DON'T READ PAGE 14

GRANDPA

Have Crypt, Will

Grandpa Munster's father and mother acted a little batty at times but he overlooked this fact because they were the beast of parents. He always had plenty of liquid nourishment and they kept him well-supplied with all sorts of harmless little toys such as a French guillotine, pitchforks, hypodermic needles, Build-a-Crypt play blocks and other gifts to delight a youngster's heart.

But one day they met with an unfortunate end—the **sun** got in their eyes. After that, they just sort of withered away. Grandpa was left an orphan. He went from odd job to odd job—grave digger, mortuary attendant, Red Cross volunteer (They finally kicked him out when he got thirsty one day and raided their bank) and other similar labors. Finally, he'd saved up enough money and took a bat trip to America.

"Once there," he said recently, "I started sniffing for the right scents. The best blood strains used to be in the mid-West but over the years, New Englanders took the lead. **Their** blood is much better these days, strong, rich and absolutely delicious."

He's, of course, been here ever since. He's seen George Washington at Valley Forge and been at the bloody battles of the Civil War. He had some wonderful experiences (like changing people into frogs or two-headed dragons) at the turn of the century and is now thoroughly satisfied with his role as a TV star.

"I get quite a bit of kidding," he told your editor. "One lady at the studio asked me to bite her on the neck. She was pretty, so I obliged. But usually I refuse such requests . . . by saying that I haven't had my blood test yet. Always the danger of rabies, you know.

"A number of our viewers write in and ask: 'What sandpaper should I use on my teeth?' I tell them: 'The kind with flouride is usually the best. Prevents cavities at the same time it sharpens.'

He feels the show is popular because: "A basic element of our success is that most people are monsters at heart and they identify with us. Youngsters are, of course, the most friendly. Most of them, being the red-blooded Americans they are, would like to emulate my career. I'm a wholesome character to them. Bats of a feather (???) flock together, you know."

In closing, he had the following advice for you, our MUNSTER readers.

"Live as full and complete a life as possible and take advantage of every opportunity until the day you die—because **that's** when the **real** fun begins."

With that, he fluttered his wings, bared his fangs and made a good impression on your editor's—neck.

HERMAN MAY TALK TO YOU! — SEE PAGE 42

EDDIE & MARILYN

The Munster Brood-- Little Eddie and Marilyn

Chop-Chop-Chop.
What's that chopping sound, followed by a **plop-plop-plop?**

Little Eddie's practicing with his do-it-yourself guillotine kit. He wants to get a head and is succeeding very well. In fact, he now has quite a collection.

When he isn't playing FR (French Revolution—he wasn't there, of course, but Grandpa remembers it quite well!), he's having a war and uses real bombs (With them, he holds his own rock and roll parties).

Also in his playroom is a very special chemistry set—and with it he can really make a mountain out of a molehill. It was passed to him from a distant cousin who got carried away with it one day and will live with his mistake for Everest after.

Eddie was born under a full moon as were most of the other boys and ghouls in faraway Transylvania, his homeland. He came to this country with his parents and settled with them in their first home deep within the Okefeaokee Swamp area. This was where Eddie tamed and made a pet of Spot. He found the poor Thing stuck in some quicksand and helped it out. The beast's been faithful ever since. Eddie wouldn't change his Spot for anything.

The outcast of the Munster is Lily's niece, Marilyn who—of course—shares the mansion with them. Marilyn is a young, vibrant, beautiful girl and a non-monster Munster. She doesn't look at all like the rest of the family and is, accordingly an object of their sympathy. They do the best they can to help her face up under the fact that, in the looks department, she just wasn't as blessed as they. Particularly tough on Marilyn is the way her boyfriends (Herman and Lily would prefer that she have boyfiends but then Marilyn is growing up and able to think for herself) treat her. They never come over to dinner and one fellow was kind of in a hurry to leave the premises one night after meeting "the folks" on his first date with Marilyn.

Little Eddie and Marilyn get along remarkably well with one another, considering how different their backgrounds are but they have few arguments and these occur usually only when Eddie insists on wolfing down his food and Marilyn tries to tell him to eat slower. Also, she complains that he doesn't have a balanced diet (too much raw meat) and should drink more milk.

As brother and sister, Little Eddie and Marilyn are indeed very close. Sometimes Eddie lets loose with a temper tantrum but Marilyn's not the least scared. She says his bark is worse than his bite.

. . . **she thinks.**

FREE BONUS — ON PAGE 33

THE MUNSTERS GO HOUSE-HAUNTING

by Eando Binder

Herman Munster answered the door. It was James Todd, the real-estate agent who had sold them their home. He looked worried as he stepped in.

"I have bad news, folks," he said apologetically to the Munster family gathered in the living room. "A man named Barry Blair found an old deed to this property, dating back 150 years, that nobody knew about. It gives him sole and original ownership of your home!"

"What?" roared Herman. "But we bought this place and we intend to stay . . ."

"You can't," said Todd, shaking his head. "Blair says whoever lives here now must clear out or he'll bring the sheriff with an eviction notice."

"You mean we — we have to move out?" wailed Lily Munster. "Oh, but we love the place so much. Our child, Eddie, and niece Marilyn and Grandpa, are so comfortable here."

FORGOTTEN DEED

"Sorry, Mrs. Munster," said Todd, getting up to go. "There's nothing I can do. The court will legally uphold the old-time forgotten deed that Blair found. You'll have to move out right away. Blair is coming this week-end to take over the house. Good night."

After the door closed, the Munsters all looked at each other in distress. "We won't let Blair in," raged Grandpa, his eyes blazing fiercely in his deadwhite skin. "I'll blast him with my firebolts!"

WILD WOLF

"I'll go after him like a wild wolf," threatened little Eddie, drawing his lips back over his fangs. "Werewolf, that is."

Herman was opening and closing his big powerful hands. "And I'll toss him over the fence like a rag doll!"

"Stop, all of you," snapped Lily Munster, holding up a hand. "I'm surprised at you. We're decent, law-abiding folks, not *monsters*. We can't do things like that to Barry Blair when he comes to take over our home."

A groan arose from the rest.

"But I wonder," mused Lily with a gleam in her eye, "if Mr. Blair is prepared to move into . . . a HAUNTED house?"

"Huh?" choked Grandpa, staring around fearfully. "You mean it's been h-haunted by g-ghosts all this while?"

"No, silly," returned Lily. "We're going to do the job ourselves. We're going to haunt this house when Mr. Blair comes!"

ORDINARY MONSTERS

They looked at each other, smiling as the idea soaked in. "There's only one trouble," muttered Herman, rubbing the steel rod through his neck. "It's going to be hard for us to play scary roles. We all look so *ordinary*."

"Nevertheless, we'll try our best," said Lily. "Now let's plan just what we'll do to scare Mr. Blair next Saturday night . . ."

James Todd escorted Barry Blair to the front door. "All dark and quiet," nodded Todd. "The Munsters left all right."

"I'm spending the night here *alone*," said Blair, a stout man puffing a big black cigar. "I must have a little peace and quiet to settle my nerves and avoid a nervous breakdown. Doctor's orders. Good night, Todd."

Inside, Barry Blair turned on the light-switch but nothing happened. "Fuse must be burned out," he mut-

tered. "Well, I'll use those candles on the table for tonight."

WEIRD CANDLELIGHT

Upstairs, the huddled Munster family smiled at one another. "Just as we planned," whispered Lily. "In the weird candlelight, our haunting acts will go over better. Eddie, you're first. Do your stuff, son!"

"The rest of you won't even have to do your act," boasted little Eddie, "after he gets a load of me!"

"Here goes!"

He loped down the winding staircase in great bounds, like a prowling animal, his fanged teeth gleaming in the candlelight downstairs. Dozing in an armchair, Barry Blair turned in surprise at the noises in the supposedly empty house.

BEAST BOY

"I'm the BEAST BOY!" snarled Eddie, leaping from the landing toward Blair. But he had forgotten the old crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling and landed in the midst of it. As it swung back and forth, tinkling musically, Eddie clung desperately, slowly getting seasick.

Startled at first, Blair began to smile at the odd sight of a small boy, swinging like a monkey.

GREEN GHOUL

Turning green and needing fresh air, Eddie let go at the end of one swing near the tall French doors, which were open, and flew out into the soft bushes growing around the terrace.

"What a flop I was," he hissed up at his family's faces, watching from the upper floor. "Somebody else try next."

Barry Blair, meanwhile, was shrugging to himself. "Just a neighbor boy playing pranks, I guess." He settled down in his chair again.

FRIGHTFUL GHOST

Above, Lily pushed her daughter forward. Marilyn's blonde loveliness was disguised under a hood, while her shapely young form was covered by a baggy white sheet. She glided down the stairs like a wraith, half-glowing in the candlelight, letting Blair get the full effect of this frightful apparition.

"Human fool! This . . . house . . . is . . . haunted!" she said in a quavering voice. "I . . . am . . . the . . . Black . . . Ghost! One . . . of . . . fourteen . . . victims . . . murdered . . . by . . . a . . . Bluebeard . . . who . . . once . . . lived . . . in . . . this . . ."

In the dim candle-glow, Marily scraped past the splin-

tered handrail in her white robe. There was a loud rip as her white sheet pulled loose. Then she stood revealed in her ordinary clothing with all her fresh teen-age beauty.

"My word!" exclaimed Barry Blair, admiringly. "Young lady, what are you doing in my . . .? Never mind! Who cares how you got here. Just don't go away."

He had stepped forward to grasp her hand. With a horrified shriek, Marilyn yanked herself free and ran out into the night, joining Eddie among the bushes.

"He - he SCARED me!" panted the girl.

"It was supposed to be other way around," said Eddie. "As haunts, we weren't so hot. Let's hope Grandpa does better next."

As for Barry Blair, he stared out the French doors puzzled for a moment. "The boy was real . . . *I think*. But when I see a dazzling young charmer come downstairs . . ." He shook his head. "My nerves ARE shot!"

The three remaining Munsters upstairs were in worried

consultation. "Something's got to work," murmured Herman hopefully. "Your turn, Grandpa."

"Don't worry," hissed Grandpa confidently. "My vampire powers will pertify him with fright . . . watch and see!"

CREEPING VAMPIRE

Screwing up his sharp features into their most saturnine expression, his black robe flowing around him, Grandpa stumped down the stairs before the stunned eyes of Blair.

Eyes blazing, Grandpa struck a dramatic pose and hissed, "I am Lucifer! Crass mortal, how dare you invade my domicile? Begone! Or my firebolts will fry you alive!"

At which Grandpa pointed his finger and let loose with a firebolt, aiming it past Blair for the fireplace. A fire sprung up among the unlit logs in the grate.

"Now another bolt to singe his hair," thought Grandpa.

But his eyesight wasn't so good in the flickering candlelight. The sizzling bolt missed Blair and hit the wall, knocking off plaster and striking a water-pipe beyond.

A spray of cold water sprang out, drenching Grandpa to the skin so that his black vampire robe clung to him.

"You look like a scarecrow," laughed Barry Blair at the miserable gure. "A *fat* scarecrow!"

Unable to speak with water squirting into his face, and his firebolt power quenched, Grandpa beat an undignified retreat out through the French doors too.

"S-s-stand up and sh-shield me f-f-f-from the c-c-c-cold w-w-wind," he shiveringly begged Eddie and Marilyn.

"For a guy who can throw firebolts," grinned Eddie impishly, "you're in a bad fix, Grandpa."

SCORCHED WEREBRAT

"Wait'll I dry off," snapped Grandpa. "I'll scorch you good for that, you werebrat!"

Inside the house, Barry Blair ran a hesitant hand over his forehead. "Sure, a vivid dream, that's all. Funny what nerves can do to your imagination. Forget it." He settled down again.

Only Herman and Lily Munster were left above, to complete their great plan of "haunting" the house. "So far," groaned Herman, "we've only furnished Blair some laughs." He drew himself up. "But this can't fail — my MAD MONSTER act!"

Herman's heavy tread thudded down the stairs. His tall angular form slowly took shape in the downstairs candlelight. With his twisted neck and scarred face he looked like some unhuman creature patched together in a mad scientist's lab.

STANKENFLEIN!!!

"I have just come from the grave!" Herman said in a deep sepulchral voice. "I am an artificial monster named . . . FRINKEN . . . er . . . BLANKEN . . . uh . . .?" What *was* that name again. Sometimes memory could play such tricks on a person. Herman tried to remember, in a panic, blurting out what came to mind. "Monster called FLANKENSTEIN . . . no! . . . STANKENFLEIN! . . . FRANKENFINK! . . .???"

"You mean Frankenstein, don't you?" gaffawed Blair, who was holding his sides in a paroxysm of laughter.

"You're the FUNNIEST figment of my imagination yet!"

"Funny?" Herman roared, deeply insulted. "I make you *laugh*? Oh, heavens . . . how will I ever live THIS down?" Rolling his eyes upward, Herman galloped out of Blair's sight so the idiot wouldn't go into a nightlong fit of laughter.

"It's all right, Pop," consoled Eddie outside. "If you can't haunt houses, you can always be a TV comedian!"

"Comedian? COMEDIAN?" Herman glared at his son. "That's the worst disrespect you can show your father. For that I cut your allowance from the blood-bank to one pint a week."

"Gosh, pop. Why that stiff punishment?" protested Eddie. "I didn't commit MURDER."

"Well, the rest is up to Mom," sighed Marily. "But I don't think she's got a ghost of a chance at - - - er - - - playing ghost. But anyway, she never makes mistakes like *we* do."

Above, in the house, Lily Munster gamely carried on her part, despite the handicap of what had gone before, destroying the weird atmosphere of the place. With a snap of her fingers, she conjured up a witch's costume and peaked hat, plus a broomstick.

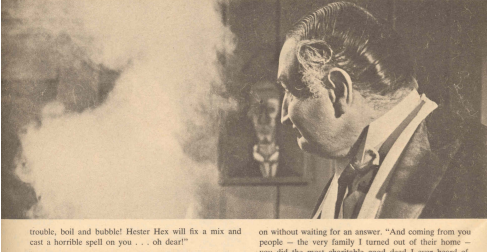
Sitting astride the broomstick, she flew downstairs, circling the high-ceiling living room a couple times above Barry Blair, and cackling fiendishly — "Hee, hee! Double witch-act straight but you see, I followed up your COMEDY routine."

Lily waved toward the lighted room, from which wild gasps of laughter came. Finally, Blair's form appeared in the French doors and he yelled into the darkness — "I know you're hiding out there somewhere. Come in, Munster Family."

Lily led the way and they all trooped in. "You finally guessed the truth?" ventured Lily.

Blair nodded, picking up a framed family portrait from the desk. "I saw this picture and realized you weren't delusions of my tired nerves but real people. And you did your part perfectly . . . PERFECTLY!"

Herman and Grandpa exchanged blank glances. "You mean we *did* . . ." Herman was about to add "scare you" but Blair burst in. "Yes, ENTERTAIN me. Make me LAUGH. Just what the doctor ordered for my nervous condition. How did you happen to hear of it?" He went



trouble, boil and bubble! Hester Hex will fix a mix and cast a horrible spell on you . . . oh dear!"

SMOTHERING CURTAIN

The last exclamation of alarm was wrung out of Lily as she sideswiped a long hanging drape at the side window and it tumbled down, dragging Lily with it. She ended up under a smothering pile of the heavy curtain.

Barry Blair was almost rolling on the floor in laughter, watching the animated bump under the curtain trying to find its way out, and finally dragging the whole drapery outside.

Outside, the others hauled her free. Then the Munsters looked at one another glumly. "Oh, Aunt Lily," wailed Marily, "you failed too. And since none of us succeeded in house-HAUNTING we'll have to go house-HUNTING!"

But Lily Munster was smiling calmly. "Who said I bungled . . . except *deliberately*? I could have played my

on without waiting for an answer. "And coming from you people — the very family I turned out of their home — you did the most charitable good deed I ever heard of. And speaking of deeds . . ."

GHOULS' SUCCESS

He drew a paper from his pocket and slowly tore it up in front of their eyes. "My old-time deed to your property. I have a city apartment and country home and hunting lodge. I really don't need *another* place to live in."

"You mean — ?"

"Yes, the house is yours, free and clear," smiled Barry Blair. "Just let me spend an evening with you at times . . . for more of my nerve-cure, will you? You know, scaring people is easy. Making them *laugh* is a much greater gift."

"Just call us the FUNSTER Family," said little Eddie.

And even poker-faced Herman only winced *a little* at this.

The whole, complete story of The Munsters . . . written for us by the show's producers!

Behind the Screams with THE MUNSTERS

Part I

Exclusive facts . . . intimate reports . . . all the ghoulish details about your favorite family.

GRANDPA TRAPPED BY SALEM WITCH—PAGE 61

COBWEBS AND KOOKS

The Munsters are a "normal" family who do not realize there is anything odd about their appearance or the spooky, cobwebbed house in which they live. In fact, they believe that other people and their houses are strangely unattractive.

Herman was "created" in 1818 by Dr. Frankenstein, who assembled Herman from human parts he collected from dissecting rooms, and Lord knows where else. Dr. Frankenstein's creation was endowed with life through electrical energy obtained from flashes of lightning. The bolts in Herman's neck are what hold his head on, but he lives and breathes and eats like everyone else. He looks as young as he does because, being assembled scientifically, he is built to last and will never die. He is very proud of the Munster name, conservative by nature, anxious to make a place in the community, and probably votes Republican.

Just call me one of the Beatles. In fact, I like them very much. Lily usually has a few for dessert at least once a week.

I'm shocked, *really* shocked, Lily. To think that our son missed his preying last night. We're going to have to take a hand to that boy. I'd better go dig up one right away!

SUPERNATURAL POWERS

Lily, Herman's wife (he waited a hundred years till the right woman came along) is one of the Daughters of Dracula (Grandpa). She much prefers to sleep after the moon goes down, but being the mother of a nine-year-old, like all suburban housewives, she feels the need to conform. The P.T.A., Garden clubs, teas—are all part of her daily "life".

Grandpa is the last of the Draculas, now an aging and tired vampire who longs for the "good old days" back in Transylvania. His supernatural powers and ability to perform magic are not as keen as they used to be, but occasionally he startles everyone, including himself, by successfully delving into the Black Arts. With sufficient incentive, he can turn himself into a bat. He is a bit vain, proud of his great and noble heritage, cantankerous, often takes a diametrically opposite point of view to his son-in-law, Herman. Like all aged parents, he is constantly reminding everyone who he was, and bemoans the fact "This isn't the way we did it in the old country."

WHO'S AFRAID OF LITTLE EDDIE WEREWOLF?

Eddie, son of Herman and Lily, is a product of his environment, which is why he is afraid of the light, has a huge, wolf-like animal for a pet, and plays with toys such as a giant mousetrap. Lily allows him to eat oatmeal and other "Strange" foods because his playmates do. He doesn't want to be different. He also doesn't want his parents to baby him . . . he will get a trauma, grow up maladjusted. The Munsters are shocked at the words a boy picks up on the streets nowadays. Eddie goes to school and plays with other kids who think he lives in a "neat" house and that his parents are "the living end."

Marilyn, the beautiful niece of Herman and Lily, has trouble keeping boyfriends after they meet her family. Herman and the rest blame this on her lack of attractiveness, and her not being "as fortunate as the rest of us." She has such love for her aunt and uncle that she is blind to their grotesque appearance.

Here are Eddie and Herman having a man-to-wolf talk. The boy's been mooning a lot of late and Herman probably is encouraging him.

Herman, I hate to tell you this but you're stepping on my wing.

BRIGHT NEW BLOOD

The Munsters do nothing mean or evil, and Grandpa never uses his magic for wicked purposes. They *do* like gloomy weather and shun the light, but they are all very law-abiding people who try to be good citizens in this "peculiar" neighborhood.

Their jokes like "We could use some new blood in this family" are unconscious, normal expressions anyone might use . . . only funny because of their double meaning when the Munsters say them.

The Munsters are continually puzzled by other peoples' reactions to them. They consider themselves normal, and other people odd and strange.

Since coming to America, they have moved around a lot. They moved into their "perfectly adorable" house about a year ago and realize, like all of us, it's difficult at first adjusting to new neighbors.

Herman and Lily sleep in a bed that resembles a horse-drawn hearse. Grandpa reclines on an ancient coffin–with huge candlesticks as four posters.

CREATURE SECRETS

The house is filled with secret panels, trap doors, trick stairways–a telephone booth in a coffin . . . all the creature comforts a Munster could desire.

The Munsters never use words like "Monster," "Evil," "Weird" or "Creep," either about themselves or their neighbors. Others can refer to them in such terms, but never in their presence or in the presence of Marilyn.

If Eddie gets out of line, or if he should talk back, he is immediately punished; such as being made to stand in the closet with the light on.

Good Lord, what *is* this world coming to? I just saw people donating blood at one of those roving blood banks. Charity begins *at home!*

Isn't that absolutely shocking! The taxes on crypts went up again. People are being bled dry. (Now stop that smiling, Grandpa and listen!).

SWEET, LOVABLE GHOULS

The Munsters are not confined to the house. They make all the trips into society that the normal family does. Clever ways must be found to justify other people's acceptance of them. For instance, they go to a party and it turns out to be a masquerade party except that *they* needn't use masks. Lily, in another story, in order to buy a present for Herman, decides to get a job. She is selected as a high-fashion model; however, she doesn't show up on the negative!

They never frighten children–kids and babies think they are wonderful. Adults who get to like them, accept the Munsters for what they are–fine, lovable, people.

A Visit With

MISTY MADNESS

Another world.

That's the first impression you get as you set foot on the sound-stage where "The Munsters" is filmed at MCA Studios in Universal City, California. Much care has indeed been lavished to create this effect of other worldness, of bats flying and mist-shrouded crypts and creatures lurking in the semi-darkness.

You almost want to turn tail and run for fear of bumping into *something* that'll scare the living daylights out of you. But you are compelled to poke around and see for yourself what it *is* like behind the scenes with a family of assorted were-wolves, vampires and towering monsters from some mad scientist's lab.

UNEASY QUIET

So you cautiously put one foot in front of the other, one by one by one until you approach the rusty gates of the Munster household (a very *grave* place, to be sure!). You reach out and swing them aside and the screeching sound they make shatters the uneasy quiet. Again, you have to convince yourself that this is all make-believe, all on a movie soundstage with cameras, lights and technicians standing about, waiting for the next scream to be shot.

The door to the Munster mansion swings open rather mysteriously *by itself* and you enter, your eyes darting from side to side. The boards creaking under your feet add an eerie note to the unearthly quietude around you. Dust hangs heavily on walls and the floor and draperies and tables. Rooms stretch out before you in a bewildering maze of creepy corridors and dark, dank hallways and--

EERIE VOICE

A voice.

You stop short in your tracks. From somewhere a voice has spoken to you. You look around, trying to find the direction from which it came and then your eyes settle on the ceiling. "Sitting" in the upper corner is a little, black-haired boy *--his eyes glowing in the dark!*

He leaps down and stands in front of you and shakes hands. You notice one uncomforting fact. Those hands of his seem a bit more hairy than most children his age. But you smile anyway and say how pleased you are to meet him. His name is Eddie, Little Eddie.

BLACK BAT

Seconds later, there is a fluttering in the air, a slight breeze past your cheek and, finally, a hand touches your shoulder. You spin around. An elderly, seedy-looking man in a black cape is smiling at you, a wide, curiously-toothsome smile. And, oh, yes, his eyes gleam in the darkness, too--only with a difference. They're red, *blood* red!

We've heard of barking up the wrong tree but *this* is ridiculous!

THE MUNSTERS

Part II

STRANGE COMPANIONS

Your strange companions escort you further into the house, past a knight's suit of armor. You are told by the old man: "He was a real full-blooded young man. My wife, bless her soul, had him over as dinner one night during the 1540's."

Note that he commented--*as* dinner, not for dinner. Something a bit strange about the way he said it, but you ignore petty little details. You have a story to do. You want a interview.

And you *get* the interview. But under the *most* unusual circumstances.

In a crypt.

Yes, you go down some steps into an eerie basement which isn't really a basement but the afore-mentioned crypt. Weird instruments and gadgets adorn the place.

GRANDPA'S BANK

The old man, who is, of course, Grandpa Munster says: "This is where I work. Over there (he points to a closet) is my own bank. Most of my accounts are in the red."

You don't *dare* open the closet door and see what's behind it. Instinct guides you away.

Suddenly, clomping down the stairs in back of you, is a huge creature and you realize it--er, *him*--to be Herman Munster. Following behind is Lily and Marilyn.

Lily smiles and takes your hand but Grandpa moves in (almost jealously) and says: "Hey, I saw him first."

You wonder what it's all about but when they both smile, showing their teeth, you sort of get the point, I mean, you *will* if they have their way!

FIEND MEMORIES

So -- all of the family assembled -- you begin the interview, asking them your carefully-prepared questions--about life in Transylvania, about Herman's father who was somebody by the name of Frankenstein.

"He was a grand old fella," Herman sighs, not without a touch of sadness. "He always hated *to part* with me, if you know what I mean."

You *did*. Your hands shaking slightly, you scribbled down his answer and proceeded to the next question, this time aimed at Little Eddie.

"Have you been out with little girls yet?" You say innocently.

"Oh, yes," Eddie smiles proudly. "Several. The first had three eyes and a couple of horns, the second had six arms and two noses and . . ."

By the time he finishes, you realize that *girl* was not the right word. You shudder to think of the correct one.

JOKES FROM THE GRAVE—ON PAGE 50

My, my, Lily's got a rotten heartache. She must cut down on those Bloody Marys.

DATE BAIT

Marilyn answers your next question with: "Yes, I've dated a number of boys. Dad would arrange for me to attend the right parties. Just last week, I met a lovely young man at Brown's Mortuary. He'd been dead for only a few days and still in pretty good shape except for—"

You discreetly omit her last comments at the same time you resist that now familiar urge to run. For nearly an hour, you conduct the interview.

At the conclusion of the conversations, Lily invites you to have a little snack. You politely agree to accept. They lead you to the upstairs kitchen and ask you to wait for a minute or two while Lily warms up the snack on a gas stove in the kitchen. Funny thing, though—the flames don't bother her—*even though she is stirring the "snack" with her fingers.*

LILY'S SNACK

A short while later, whatever it is has been cooked and placed in front of you. You note that it looks like a scrambled egg but—and this really puzzles you—there are dark splotches all over it and they seem to be squirming *as though alive!*

But still, rather than be insulting, you bravely cut off a piece and chew it. It tastes halfway decent and you take some more. Pretty soon, you have devoured the entire "snack."

"Delicious," you say. "What was it?"

LIZARD EGGS

"Oh, just some lizard eggs," Lily replies. "Poor things were beginning to hatch, so I thought I get rid of the few I had left. No sense keeping them around."

You try to nod in agreement but you are feeling a little queasy and just grin sheepishly.

Anyone for a spot of tea? Herman sure makes an electrifying drink.

BIG EATER

Afterwards, they showed me to the front door and just as I was about to leave, I heard a sound, a kind of growling sound.

"That's my pet," Little Eddie answered my unspoken question. "I had to scold him. He ate one elephant too many. Had ten instead of nine."

FINAL FAREWELL

I thanked them all for the visit and departed. Turning my head, once I was safely away from the house, I looked back. Surrounding me again were the lights, cameras and technicians of the soundstage, filming their make-believe drama. It was all nothing more than a script-writer's creative imagination that produced those characters inside that murky mansion.

They weren't real.

Or were they?

THE END

HERMAN PICKS HIS FAVORITE HORROR FILMS

It's always a great evening at Mockingbird Lane when Grandpa pulls the screen and projector out of the hall closet, dims the house lights (and you know our house is *always* pretty dim, anyway), and treats the family to another of his horror film shows. Lily and I settle back while Grandpa scurries up from the vaults under his cellar laboratory with some rare reels from his precious collection of classic horror films. Eddie helps run the projector, Marilyn's in charge of making refreshments, and it's a good evening for all.

BEGIN A HORROR CLUB

Too good an evening not to share with you, our faithful fans. Yesterday, when we were planning this special occasion, Lilly thought it might be nice to begin organizing groups of horror film fanciers so that *they* could have as much fun as we, of the Munster family, do when *we* reminisce about the all-time greats of horrordom.

Next issue, we'll pass on to you all the details you'll need about organizing such discussion groups and the best places to hold them (moldy crypts, moss-covered coffins, haunted houses, and so forth). We'll even go so far as to predict that, within a year, they'll be as popular as batball, ghoul-ball and rolling heads (which is something like bowling except that you . . . well, we'll go into *that* some other time!).

MEMORABLE MOMENTS

A short while ago, I went through Grandpa's vast film library to choose my favorite, and the world's most memorable, horror films. Although there *are* many more candidates, I've limited the number to 25 . . . and the choices in some cases were hard ones to make. The first, however, was the easiest:

GALLOPING HORROR

FRANKENSTEIN. This tops the list because it really is the greatest horror film ever made. Who can forget the young scientist Baron Frankenstein (played in this 1931 film by Colin Clive) in his storm-lashed lab, watching the quivering shroud on the operating table and exulting: "It's alive! *Alive!*" He not only brought life to *one* monster — he created the whole monster tradition, which hadn't existed as such in movies prior to 1931, and set it off at a fine gallop. Even more important, this film singlehandedly created one of the greatest stars we have: that magnificent actor, Boris Karloff.

FRESH BLOOD

DRACULA. Not quite as good as *Frankenstein*, but almost as important, this was Bela Lugosi's first American film, in which he starred as the vampiric Count Dracula who leaves his crumbling Transylvania castle for England and "new blood."

Both of the foregoing masterpieces were made in 1931, at the beginning of sound in the movies, which is not to say that there were no important monster flicks in the silent films. As a matter of fact, there *were* silent versions of both Frankenstein and Dracula, but neither was earth-shattering and both were but *isolated* instances of a trend that didn't come into full bloom until 1931.

TRAVELLING ZOMBIE

THE CABINET OF DOCTOR CALIGARI. The Germans made this weird 1919 surrealistic nightmare, about a sinister doctor in a travelling circus who commands his somnombulist slave, Cesare — a zombie-like creature living in an upright coffin — to kill for him.

LEARN ALL ABOUT GHOUL FOOD — ON PAGE 44

NOT FOR WEAK STOMACHS

FREAKS. From the director of *Dracula* (Tod Browning), a grisly tale of how the denizens of a sideshow plot to destroy the beautiful woman who has hurt one of them. Because it is not for weak stomachs, this 1932 is seldom seen, although it is extremely good.

MURDEROUS BUTLER

THE OLD DARK HOUSE. Karloff gives a magnificent performance as a mute, murderous butler in this rarely-seen 1932 drama of strangers caught in a rainstorm. They take refuge in a strange old house filled with unpleasant kooks. Also in the cast: Charles Laughton and Raymond Massey.

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE. It's not only in the last few years that Edgar Allan Poe has been discovered by the movies. Here is an extremely good adaptation of the world's first modern mystery story, with Lugosi training his pet ape to kill.

WEIRD TALE

WHITE ZOMBIE. Lugosi was never to match Karloff's stature in the horror film, and soon was to sink to starring in independent, cheaply-made quickies. But he brought a fine sense of terror and mystery to them all, and this is one of his best -- a weird tale of a master of the "living dead" in Haiti, and a rare 1932 film.

VAMPIRE MURDERS

VAMPIRE BAT. When a town in Europe is terrorized by a series of vampire murders, Dwight Frye (Frankenstein's hunchbacked helper in the earlier, classic film) is suspected but it's really the job of Lionel Atwill, playing the very Caligarish Dr. Von Nieman. This 1933 production is all but forgotten, but must be included chiefly because of Atwill's memorable performance. An actor of the classic school, he made madness believable.

GROTESQUE HORROR

THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM. Perhaps the rarest of all monster-horror films, and with an unmasking scene the equal of Chaney's *Phantom*. A grotesque figure has been seen committing several murders but Lionel Atwill, distinguished proprietor of a wax-works, is above suspicion . . . that is, until the finale, when the heroine (Fay Wray), warding off Atwill's advances, strikes him in the face only to discover that it is made of wax.

MAN-BEASTS

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS. From a famous novel by H. G. Wells, who wrote *The Invisible Man* and

Bela Lugosi as he says: "Velcome, Mr. Harker. Please come in." This is a familiar but impressive still from DRACULA, made over 30 years ago!

Another great still from THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN, a photograph of amazing clarity in view of the fact that it is over 20 years old.

The Gill-Man himself as he holds motionless Julia Adams. First in THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON, our fellow fiend was the only monster-image successfully introduced during the past 15 years.

A famous profile — from WEREWOLF OF LONDON. Played by Henry Hull, this wolfman killed a number of victims before he met his own end. The makeup in this photo was toned down considerably during production.

Really a study in madness, this strange film caused an upheaval in both Europe *and* America. Conrad Veidt became an international star as a result.

NERVE-CHILLING HORROR

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. Directly influenced by *Cabinet*, America began its own horror "school," and developed its own great star — Lon Chaney Sr. This was Chaney's greatest horror film. Who can forget the nerve-chilling unmasking scene in the dungeons under the Paris Opera House, where mad, disfigured Erik has taken the heroine he loved from afar?

Universal had Lon Chaney in mind for both the Dracula and Frankensteinian monster roles, but his death in 1930 forced the studio to select new players. Once Lugosi and Karloff and the two films that starred them had become boxoffice successes, the vogue of the monster film really began.

DUSTY BANDAGES

THE MUMMY. Karloff again, this time wrapped in the dusty bandages of the mummified Imhotep, unearthed by an archeological expedition. He's after an ancient sweetheart, reincarnated through the centuries, in a film that's always rather reminded me in mood and spirit of *Dracula*, if you switched the crucifixes for Egyptian talismen.

CLEAN BANDAGES

THE INVISIBLE MAN. Claude Rains wears the bandages but this time they're the fresh, sterilized bandages of a scientist who knows that underneath the wrappings he's not all there.

MONSTER MATE

THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN. This sequel to the original *Frankenstein* was even better than its inspiration. Lavishly conceived, it continues the experiments of Colin Clive, and adds two masterful new ingredients: the wispish villainy of fellow scientist Dr. Pretorius (Ernest Thesiger) and Elsa Lanchester as the mate they create for the monster. (Elsa also plays the girl, Mary Shelley, who created the original story, in a special prologue to the film.)

It is the monster (Karloff) himself who blows the tower lab to smithereens at the finale, but even as everything comes crashing down we have a suspicion that sooner or later *something* will stir in the rubble.

The Bride came along in 1935, and by that time the horror tradition were standardized. All the great monsters of the American movie — with the exception of the Wolf Man — had been introduced. But even before 1935 some important *individual* masterpieces had been created.

From our untapped treasure chest of rare pictures comes this exclusive shot from THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, featuring Boris Karloff, Colin Clive and Ernest Thesiger.

Lionel Atwell talks to Fay Wray in a just-discovered scene from MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM.

Christopher Lee's unforgettable portrayal of Count Dracula, from HORROR OF DRACULA. Many fans and critics consider this film to be the best of the vampire series.

the scifi masterpiece, *Things to Come*, this film features Charles Laughton as the brilliant Dr. Moreau, surgically transforming wild animals into a breed of man-beasts on a South Seas island which he rules absolutely. Lugosi is one of the creatures he has forced up the evolutionary ladder, creatures who turn on him at the end.

THE BLACK CAT. One of the best of the films pairing Karloff with Lugosi, this is about the evil Hjalmar Poelzig (Karloff) who builds a massive fortress-castle on the mountain where, long ago, he betrayed and destroyed an army, and who also toys with explosives and devil-worship. Lugosi puts an end to him in a somber, impressive film still much admired by American and European critics.

FURRED MENACE

THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON. This 1935 classic pushed into a new direction, and presented a player not usually linked with the horror school. Henry Hull, a dedicated explorer-scientist, is attacked by a furred creature in the Himalayas, and bitten severely. Returning to his home in London, he discovers to his horror that he is slowly changing into a werewolf. Although enough of a scientist to *attempt* steps to prevent this from recurring, he knows that during the full moon, he *must* kill, and bring ruin to those who love him. And he does. An impressive film, heightened by Warner Oland's performance as the sinister Dr. Yogami, and a film which inspired quite a bit of werewolfery to come.

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN. Karloff's farewell appearance as the monster. Universal Studios knew they had a great thing going, and packed it with as much potential and care as possible.

SULPHUROUS GRAVE

THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN. Chaney as the monster, whom Ygor (Lugosi) pries out of a sulphurous grave just in time to aid the ill-fated Frankenstein family (this time headed by Cedric Hardwicke) in another little experiment with the resurrection of life.

BLOOD-THIRSTY VAMPIRE

THE SON OF DRACULA. The following year (1943), Lon assumed the cape of Lugosi, and as the blood-thirsty Count Alucard (Dracula) arrives at Dark Oaks, a plantation in the American South. A good cast and some novel plot complications -- plus some extremely good camera-work -- make this an outstanding addition to the vampire category.

MONSTER FROM THE DEPTHS

THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON. By 1954 (a jump of about 10 years, during which very little artistic progress or even new ideas were consummated), Universal had abandoned its gallery of classic monsters, but suddenly the studio came up with a new candidate . . . the Gill-Man, anthropological link between the surface life of Earth and its origins in the sea. Dis-

covered in the Amazon Basin, this webbed creature takes a quick liking to Julia Adams, is shot, sinks to the bottom of his lagoon but is brought to the top again for two very interesting sequels. A series comparable, at least in part, to the old *Mummy* films.

COLORFUL GORE

THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN. For a decade (as just pointed out) Universal had neglected its most famous creature creation. Suddenly, in 1957, came competition from across the Atlantic – a retelling of the Shelley novel in brilliant color, with good production values and vigorous pacing. But this was no carbon of the 1931 film. Far more menacing than the monster (poignantly played by Christopher Lee) was the ruthless Baron Frankenstein, who allowed nobody to stand in the way of his experiments. Peter Cushing portrayed Frankenstein and with this one role came into his own as a great star of horror movies.

MAGNIFICENT TERROR

THE HORROR OF DRACULA. Hammer was also to provide a giant for the following year – a magnificently terrifying version of the original *Dracula*, in color, with Peter Cushing as Van Helsing and Chris Lee in a truly horrific portrayal as the King of Vampires.

Even more impressive than their remake of *Frankenstein*, this was to place Hammer in the forefront of monster film-makers, and they were to make fresh, somewhat more bloody and certainly more colorful versions of nearly every classic horror theme.

THE CURSE OF DOOM

CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF. In 1961, Hammer again produced a winner when it decided to tell its own wolf-man story, and a good one indeed. Oliver Reed makes a totally sympathetic werewolf in an 18th century Spanish setting, a creature doomed not by his sins but by his blood. An atmospheric use of color heightens this very fine film.

MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH. This macabre tale of how Death visits a masked ball in a plague-ridden land is exceptionally good and has touches that suggest Ingmar Bergman . . . another Corman-color-Price winner.

END OF THE ROAD

And then there's . . . but I can't go any further, because that's sufficient for this *first* issue, anyway.

Grandpa just whispered into my ear that we *do* have enough film lying down there in his vaults for a *second* list and come to think of it, that's not a bad idea! So be sure and get our second issue. We'll have a few surprises waiting . . .

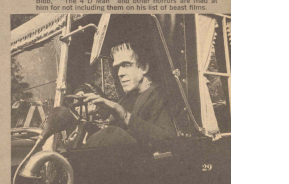
If you have any strong feelings about this initial list, and disagree with *my* choices, why don't you write to me care of Twin Hits, Inc., 354 Broadway, New York, N. Y. And by all means, write even if you thoroughly *agree*. Maybe I can show Lily I'm right once in a while.

THE END

A tender moment from one of horrordom's greatest masterpieces — SON OF FRANKENSTEIN. The monster (played by Boris Karloff) weeps as he holds the only human being he thought he could trust, the misshapen hunchback named Igor (played by Bela Lugosi).

Another rare photo from THE MUMMY (played by Karloff) in which the gauze-wrapped Egyptian menaces an archeologist.

Herman is making a fast getaway. Why? Because "The Blob," "The 4 D Man" and other horrors are mad at him for not including them on his list of beast films.



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THE MUNSTERS FAMILY CALENDAR

AUGUST

August is a particularly nice month for the Munster family. That's when they finally enjoy their picnics by the light of the blood-red moon. After all, what's a picnic without ants, and when the Munsters dine out, they always invite an army of Red Ants to join in. Those little darlings devour anything in their path. Below is the August calendar they have hanging in their dungeon at home and which they are consulting even as you are bulging your eyes out at it.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
ALL GHOULS DAY		TRANSYLVANIAN MUSIC FESTIVAL (Pluck your own harpie)		WITCHES SABBATH		NOTRE-DAME FESTIVAL (Have a Hunchback, you'll like this)
	TRANSYLVANIA NAVY DAY (Took a ship for Davy Jones Quad Hulk Lot)		KING TUT DAY		HOLY DAY (Put some wax on, hoss, today)	
	DELINQUENCY DAY (Spare a stake and be proud of the child you spoiled)		DRAGON DAY (St. George didn't do it.)		LARRY TALBOT DAY (Wolf down a hot dog to celebrate)	
BANK HOLIDAY		TRANSYLVANIA BOYS CLUB DAY (Learn how to use your club)				KING KONG DAY
	GRANDPA'S 100th BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY (He married his 100th bride)					

SEPTEMBER

This is a nice month for the Munsters. They usually take off a weekend and spend some time in a hunting lodge in the Transylvanian Mountains.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				FLAG DAY (When monsters get stoned).		VAMPIRE DAY
	TRANSYLVANIAN LABOR DAY		SCIENCE DAY (Transylvanians are mad about this holiday)		ARBOR DAY (Plant some poison oak today)	
			HERMAN'S BIRTHDAY He was one-quarter completed.)			EDDIE GREW HIS FIRST PERMANENT WOLF FANG TODAY
	(BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK . . . PUT THEM OUT OF THEIR MISERY WITH A SPECIAL BEAST EACH DAY OF THE WEEK) TRAP A UNICORN TODAY	THROW A LIZARD INTO A BLIZZARD	MAKE AN ASP GASP	THAW OUT A MASTADON		GOAD A TOAD
	CONSERVATION DAY (Learn How to Re-Freeze your own VICENTE)		TRANSYLVANIAN LOYALTY DAY (Rat on Somebody)			

OCTOBER

Halloween comes this month; Transylvanian children, who have been trying to be as bad as they possibly can, wait for the big night. If they've been exceptionally naughty, they can look forward to finding such treats, under the weeping willow tree, as Devil's Food Cake.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					GENERAL WOLFE'S BIRTHDAY (Very Big in Canadian Timber Wolf Area)	
		SPOT'S BIRTHDAY (He was hatched 200 years ago)				
	LILY'S FIRST DATE WITH HERMAN 150 YEARS AGO.		TRANSYLVANIAN WORLD'S SERIES!			
		MISS TRANSYLVANIA CONTEST.		GRANDPA WED HIS 16th BRIDE		
	STEIN DAY		DONOVAN'S DAY (He was quite a brain, you know.)			HALLOWEEN
ALL-SALLOWS DAY (How many have you made sallow today).						

NOVEMBER

Transylvanians vote this month. They go to the poles in droves to register their preference. The Transylvanian who gets the most votes is electrocuted the most shocking choice of the year and he takes his seat in the Big House. At the end of his term, the citizens pull a switch and he is replaced. Although he serves for a full year, it really isn't such a short circuit because he manages to get a lot of his programs pushed through even if he has to dissolve Parliament from time to time with his acid-tongue.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	ASTRONAUT'S DAY (Put someone in permanent orbit).			LUCRETIA BORGIA DAY (Ring up someone poison-by-poison).		
JACK THE RIPPER DAY		ELECTION DAY (Stuff the Pine Boxes as Much as You Can).				
	FISHING SEASON OPENS. (Dig up a bloodworm and catch a Loch Ness sea monster).		DUES DUE FOR BURIAL SOCIETY (If you don't pay you have to do the Dance Macabre).			HERMAN'S BIRTHDAY (He was 1/2 completed).
LILYS MASQUERADE DAY (She pretends she's a lady fiolo and puts the bite on passers-by.)		DECORATION DAY		CRANKS-GIVING DAY Serve a Turk and Never go Hungary.		FOOTBALL SEASON
	TRANSYLVANIAN LIBRARY DAY					

DECEMBER

This is a nice month for the Munsters. They usually take off a weekend and spend some time in a hunting lodge in the Transylvanian Mountains.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			TRANSYLVANIAN RODEO Rope your own wart-hog and enjoy a little bucking bronto-saurus.		**BEETLES DAY** Sing Along With the Fearsome Foursome	
TRANSYLVANIAN FARMERS ALMANAC Plow Deep and By Moonlight Reap!		**TRANSYLVANIAN MOVIE AWARD:** This Year's Realistic Movie Prop. . . "Bloody Mary Pops In on My Scared Lady."		**LILY'S BIRTHDAY**		
	HERMAN'S BIRTHDAY (He's almost ready to get off Table now!)		**EDGAR ALLEN POE DAY** (He's staying with the Munsters and he's raven mad these days)		**TRANSYLVANIA DERBY DAYS:**	
TRANSYLVANIAN REGATTA			**GRANDPA'S LIFE** Published Today! ZOO'S WHO	**EDDIE'S ASTRONOMY CLUB PLANS TO EXPLORE THE MOON.**		
	HERMAN'S FINALLY FINISHED. A lot of people had a hand, foot, head, etc. in bringing him into the world.		**PHYSICIANS** Can Change Your Doctor to Mr. Hyde.		**NEW YEAR'S EVE...** Toast the Old Year In With a Flask of Spirits!	

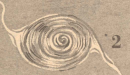
CAL ART

ANOTHER FREE "SNAP-OUT" GIFT!!

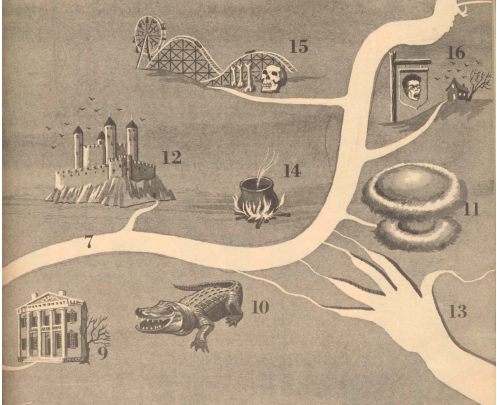
Your Personal Guide

As you know, Transylvania is the homeland of the Munsters. For many centuries, this hidden land has been the favorite last refuge for witches, warlocks, werewolves, vampires and other ghouls. The last few years have seen a reduction in population; the so-called human element gradually disappearing, thus affecting the entire economy of Transylvania. When food is low, a country begins to worry. To bring back prosperity, the Transylvanian nobility is encouraging tourists to come here for the (last) time of their lives. As a service, this map is being issued so that all travellers will know just what's happening to them as they tour the terrain.

Make your reservations soon. A welcoming committee will be at your heels the moment you arrive. Remember, Transylvania is panting for you. Mouths are already watering at the prospect of a highly successful tourist season this year.



To TRANSYLVANIA



No. 1—SEE-SAW RIDGE—Let the kiddies slide all the way down; they'll break up with fun.

No. 2—EDDY'S WHIRLPOOL—Transylvanian housewives do their laundry here; you can't beat its rinsing action.

No. 3—MUD AND MEYER'S PLACE—Best kosher restaurant in town, featuring Quick-Sand-Witches.

No. 4—RADIOACTIVE RIDGE—Stay away unless you're a teenager. It's a transistor radio arrow sticking out of the mountain. It lets off steam.

No. 5—OCTO-PUSS INCORPORATED HILL—Octopuses get you five years' view.

No. 6—THE HANGOUT—You'll meet the natives who just love to hang around and chew the fat . . . or the lean if that's all they can get.

No. 7—KING COBRA HIGHWAY—No matter where you start, it leads to a dead-end.

No. 8—GHOST TOWN—Great hotel here; clean sheets every night but they don't stay tucked in, neither will you.

No. 9—FIRST NATIONAL BLOOD BANK OF TRANSYLVANIA—You can't pass without making a deposit, so clear your throat and get ready.

No. 10—Alligator bags are in fashion and our alligators never fail to bag a tourist passing through!

No. 11—MUSHROOM MARSH—Follow the mushroom cloud to this place. WARNING. Our mushrooms can give you A-Tastic ache.

No. 12—GRANDPA'S FAMILY CASTLE—We can promise you'll love it here. Matter of fact, you'll become a part of the place in a very short time.

No. 13—THE FINGER LAKES—The Thumb is Rotoni water; Pointer is salty; Middle Finger is smoky; Ring Finger is polluted . . . and this little piggy runs all the way to Tennessee.

No. 14—CAPN COOK'S KETTLE—The same kettle used by the Hawaiians last time Captain Cook was there for dinner. He offered to have his wife join him in the cauldron but a wise cannibal cautioned: "Too many Cooks spoil the broth."

No. 15—AMUSEMENT AREA—You've never bowled with such equipment before; a skull to fit any grip.

LILY'S MONSTER QUIZ

Being a mother and a *responsible* one, I know how vital an education is! After all, *knowledge* is *power* (how I recall hearing that phrase from my own dear professors), so sharpen your pencils and your wits for this quiz which Herman's asked me to cook up. Eddie passed the test with flying colors, but I suspect he looked ahead at the answers. I hope you don't; and I hope you've done your studying . . . we wouldn't want any monster-film drop-outs!

QUESTIONS

1. Boris Karloff played the monster in one, two, three, or in *all* of the *Frankenstein* films?
2. Girls named Gloria played the title roles in *Dracula's Daughter* and *Daughter of Doctor Jekyll*. Can you name them . . . or are they the same girl?
3. In 1932 Arelene Francis of *What's My Line?* could have signed in as a regular horror film actress. She was Bela Lugosi's victim in *Murders in the Zoo*, *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, or *The Black Cat?*
4. Peter Cushing played the Bela Lugosi role in the Hammer remake called *Horror of Dracula*. True or false?
5. Name *two* famous actors who have each portrayed both members of the Frankenstein family and the detective Sherlock Holmes.
6. Academy Award winning actress Patricia Neal was menaced by a robot from a flying saucer in what great horror film?
7. I regret to say that very few *ladies* have ever had horror film *series* built around them. One girl who did, though, was the lovely Paula Duprez, heroine of *three* films. Who was she?
8. An old gypsy leads Larry Talbot to the town of Vasaria where he meets "a great doctor — who helped people that other doctors couldn't cure," in what film?
9. Herbert Lom played him, Claude Rains played him, Lon Chaney Sr. played him. Give us his *name*, not the title of the film.
10. I'll throw in an easy one: who was a king and a god in the world he knew?
11. A living vegetable from outer space invades an Army Research Station at the North Pole in what film?
12. The cry, "help me," comes from a spider-web in the climax of what film?
13. Boris Karloff only starred in two of the following films: *The Man They Could Not Hang*, *The Man With Nine Lives*, *The Man Who Lived Twice*. Point out the one he didn't make.
14. Lon Chaney starred in *Mad Monster*, *Man Made Monster* or *Magnetic Monster?*
15. Who played the medical men in *Mad Doctor*, *Mad Doctor of Market Street*, and *Doctor Renault's Secret?*
16. A mammoth octopus terrorizes San Francisco in .....?
17. After the Gill Man was introduced in *Creatures From the Black Lagoon*, he appeared in two more films. Name them.
18. Name one role that was played by both Boris Karloff and John Barrymore. (This is a tricky question, so watch it.)
19. "Surprisingly enough, Bela Lugosi played Dracula only once," Herman said to me the other day, but immediately I proved him *wrong*. You can too . . . by naming the second film.
20. The properties of a radioactive meteorite Boris Karloff finds in Africa cause him to glow in the dark in what film (Lugosi was in it too)?

ANSWERS

1. Karloff was the monster in *three* films.
2. Gloria Holden was Dracula's daughter; Gloria Talbot, Jekyll's.
3. *Murders in the Rue Morgue.*
4. False. Cushing's was more the Edward Van Sloan role.
5. Basil Rathbone and Peter Cushing . . . and that's not all! Christopher Lee is currently portraying Holmes in a Hammer series.
6. *The Day the Earth Stood Still.*
7. The Ape Woman . . . introduced her in *Captive Wild Woman.*
8. *Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man.*
9. Mad Erik (Chaney), Eric Claudin (Rains), Professor Petrie (Lom) — all of them *The Phantom of the Opera!*
10. *King Kong* of course.
11. *The Thing.*
12. *The Fly.*
13. Boris Karloff was *The Man Who Lived Twice.*
14. *Man Made Monster.*
15. Basil Rathbone, Lionel Atwill, George Zucco — in that order.
16. *It Came From Beneath the Sea.*
17. *Revenge of the Creature*, and *The Creature Walks Among Us.*
18. Dr. Jekyll — even though Karloff portrayed him only in an Abbott and Costello film.
19. Count Dracula and Zita Carmilles took over the Count's cloak, with Lugosi playing Dracula again only in *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein.*
20. *The Invisible Ray.*

The true story of the day Grandpa went to bat for his grandson and became a home run!

LITTLE EDDIE'S BIG GAME

EDDIE—AS HE WAITS FOR THE BIG GAME.

by Jessica Atterbury

If there's anything the Munster family is proud of, it's Eddie's membership in the local Little League.

From the very first day that Eddie joined the team, the entire household pitched in to encourage him.

Lily perfected a marvelous tonic to keep Eddie in top shape. Every evening she would put a shovel outside in the damp earth. In the morning, she scraped off about an ounce and a half of rust; mixed it with some orange juice and gave it to him.

"Eddie," she said, "needs iron to build up his blood."

Herman undertook to teach Eddie the finer points of pitching. He had, after all, once played in the Weeds League for the Death Valley Demons and, as he said, "they didn't call me the biggest ball thrower for nothing."

Grandpa set aside part of his dungeon for a home dug-out and showed Eddie how they played the game back in Transylvania.

"We call it Base-ment Ball, there," he said, "and we play it with the old rules. The umps usually call a good game; they're all blind as bats. And I'll never forget the day, that the Transylvanian Vamps played the Peasans. After a while, even the people sitting in the good seats looked as if they'd been in the *bleachers* . . . But, then, your relatives have such a gift for getting everything they can out of a crowd. You know our motto . . . 'Waste Not —Want Not.' And you should have seen your uncle wolf down the refreshments. He loves *pop* . . . and the stadium was bulging with them last Transylvanian Father's Day."

"Gee, grandpa, that sure sounds keen," Eddie said.

"Keen? My boy, it was razor-sharp."

"Grandpa, what position did you play when you were my age?"

"Because of my unique talents, Eddie, they made me bat-boy. And I always managed to get a few licks in every game."

WHAT HIDEOUS CREATURES AWAIT YOU—ON PAGE 46

There was only one problem about Eddie's joining the Little League but the Munster family soon solved it. Eddie, you see, had difficulty wearing the official Little League shoes. His feet were just too big.

The family shoemaker was called in to make a special pair of baseball shoes for Eddie. (The old fellow had shod all the Munsters for as far back as anyone could remember and he was the most experienced of all the elves in that line of business.)

Eddie explained that he'd need cleats welded onto the bottom of the shoes. The elf assured him he'd have the finest pair on the team and he kept his word. He put his heart into every needle-pointed spike on the soles of the shoes. (When Eddie's coach saw them, he remarked that he'd never in his life seen such a strange blue color and Eddie told him that the family bootmaker was of royal descent . . . "a real blue-blood.")

Eddie's spikes were the talk of the team. The only trouble was when he slid into base, it took six feet of turf to fill in the holes he made.

All in all, Eddie's Little League baseball career was really a swinging one. However, the event that stands out, and is still being whispered about, is what happened the day of *the* big game; the one that was to decide the Little League Championship.

Eddie's team was playing the Buttercup Valley Sluggers and after eight and a half innings, the score was 0-0.

The bottom half of the ninth inning came up and the crowd roared for a run from the home team.

The first batter stepped up to the plate. The Buttercup Valley pitcher stretched and threw.

"Strike One," the ump called.

The crowd groaned.

The next pitch was hit; the ball flew in a straight arc right into the outfielder's glove.

One out.

The next batter stepped up to the plate and was struck out.

Two down.

Eddie's turn to bat came. It was up to him to make the winning run.

Lily, Grandpa and Herman were in the stands.

Eddie swung at the first pitch and missed.

"St-e-e-r-i-k-e one."

The crowd booed.

The next pitch was low and outside.

"Ball one."

Eddie picked up some dirt and rubbed his hands. They were sweating so much that the varnish was coming off the end of the bat.

The opposing pitcher wound up and hurled.

"St-e-e-r-i-k-e two."

The crowd hissed: "Come on, Munster . . . what are you waiting for?"

The next two pitches were wide of the strike zone.

The count stood at two strikes and three balls.

Lily said: "Look at Eddie. He's red as a rose. The poor boy is falling apart with nerves."

Herman said: "I wish the crowd wouldn't ride him so much. You know he can't stand criticism."

Grandpa said: "Well, I just won't stand for it. No one's going to boo my grandson and get away with it."

The pitcher wound up again. Eddie stood at the plate almost too terrified of the crowd's possible reaction to swing his bat. But he knew it was now or never so when he saw the pitcher start to throw, he swung his bat and heard the crowd yell. Eddie had connected! Not only had he hit it, but what a hit. The round object flew off his bat and right over the wall. It was an out of the park home run and Eddie's team won the game.

When he got home that night, he went down into the dungeon to see Grandpa and ask why the older man hadn't waited around to see him after the game. He found him sitting in a bubbling caldron.

"What's the matter, Grandpa?"

"I'm just soaking out some of my bruises," he replied.

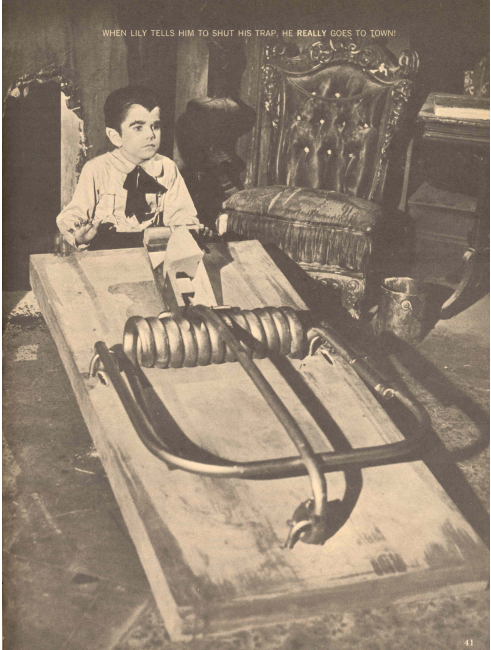
"How did you get hurt," Eddie asked.

"Well, boy," Grandpa answered, "when I saw that that last pitch was going to be a perfect strike, I flew out and got the ball between my teeth. Just as I did, you connected and I didn't duck in time.

"All I can say, Eddie, is that, thanks to you, it'll be a long while before I can sit on anything but a well-upholstered sofa."

THE END

LITTLE EDDIE'S BIG GAME


WHEN LILY TELLS HIM TO SHUT HIS TRAP, HE **REALLY** GOES TO TOWN!

DECCA® RECORDS presents

WIN ...A PHONE CALL HERMAN

MORE THAN **200** BIG WINNERS— THE GREATEST CONTEST EVER!

PRIZES

Yes, it's true. We are pleased to bring you this dreamed-of opportunity. It will never happen again... and no other magazine offers it to you. Here are all the outstanding prizes just waiting in the Munster crypt. Grandpa himself will dust them off and send each prize via bat mail and ghoul delivery right to your front door.

1st PRIZE. A fabulous long-distance conversation with horrible Herman or lovely Lily. Imagine being able to ask them about their past, their grave errors, ghosty friends, and other facts your dying to know.

plus

An LP album recorded by The Munsters exclusively for Decca Records + an autographed picture.

2nd PRIZE. To the next 100 readers will go a copy of The Munsters LP album, a feast for guys and ghouls!

3rd PRIZE. To the next 50 readers will go a selection of pictures from The Munsters TV Show.

4th PRIZE. To the final 50 readers will be sent a special family portrait of the crazy creatures themselves—with Grandpa and Lily smiling, Eddie cutting up and Herman dutifully presiding over his family.

an Exclusive MUNSTER Family Contest!

FROM

OR LILY

MUNSTER plus

loads of ghoulish Munster family pictures and Munster Long-Playing Decca Records!

SPECIAL BONUS!

to the first 25 readers whose entries show the earliest postmark, we will send a fabulous set of pictures showing Herman and little Eddie with the stupendous Munster Koach!

Official Rules

1. Send to the indicated address your letter, of 25 words or less, telling us which Munster character you like the most, and why. That's all there is to it. The best letters will win the prizes just listed. But the staff of this magazine, and all of The Munsters would like to hear from you, whether your entry wins or not. So fill in the coupon, attach it to your letter... and away we fly!

2. All entries must be postmarked not later than September 30, 1965.

3. You may enter as many times as you like. But each letter must be accompanied by an official coupon.

MUNSTERS CONTEST COUPON

Send to:

The Munsters
c/o Twin Hits, Inc.
354 Broadway
New York, N.Y.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

How do you like 'The Munsters Magazine' as compared to others in this field? Better? Worse? Explain.

Typical

MUNSTER FAMILY MENU

Everyone but everyone has been wondering what the Munster Family eats. Call it morbid curiosity or outright hunger but people are just **dying**, really **dying** to find out. Well, after considerable trouble, I finally **unearthed** the Munster dining secrets. Of course, they weren't easy to **dig up** . . . and I ended up **coffin** from all the hard work . . . but here they are at last — the foods to be found on a typical Munster table.

A whole list of ghoulish goodies!

Breakfast

A Heaping Bowl of Lice Friskies
(they snap, crackle and snarl)

Two Platypus Eggs per person
(fried, scrambled or boiled in oil)

Marrow Bones on Toast
(Eddie wolfs this down with delight)

Poison Mushroom Tea
(for the adults)

A Glass of Unicorn's Milk
(the milk for the family cat; the glass for Eddie)

Lunch

Cream of Alligator Soup

Roast Vulture with Wild Cactus Weed Dressing

Vegetables: Toadstools a la King Cobra

(in season), Raw Stinging Venus Flytrap
(Lily raises them in her back yard)

Dessert: Gelatine a la Munster
(a family tradition; made with quivering jellyfish)

Beverages: Eddie laps up a bowl of water.

Herman knocks off a keg of root beer

Lily and Grandpa sip a weak brew
(the last source of supply was anemic)

Have your own beast feast!

Dinner

Puree of Dinosaur Soup
(sometimes served with dinosaur eggs floating on top)

Barbequed Brisket of Dragon
(a real time saver since it cooks itself everytime it breathes)

String Beans *(strung with the strings from Nero's fiddle)*

Irish Potatoes *(grown specially for the Munsters by a friendly bunch of leprechauns)*

Salad consisting of: Grated Cheese
(Lily uses a jagged guillotine for this),

Belladonna Leaves, Sea Weed *(the slimy kind)* . . . garnished with Grasshopper Eyebrows and tossed with Plasma Dressing

Dessert: Blood Pudding with Wasp Honey Topping

Beverages: Herman prefers Crankcase Oil
(Keeps his joints rust-free)

Eddie likes Mineral Oil *(keeps his fur shiny and his movements quick as a cat, er, dog — we mean — wolf!)*

That's it, dear readers. We do hope we have given you an interesting sidelight into a typical day at the Munster table.

Oh, yes, we all want to tell you that you are invited to come for dinner any night. The Munsters would just love to HAVE YOU!

THE END

Meet their crazy relatives for the first time!

The History of THE MUNSTERS

"Our ancestors," boasts Grandpa proudly, "trace back to witches, warlocks, sorcerers and demons. Even a few **odd** people, too. We come from royalty and our blood is really blue; after all, we only **drink** the red stuff. Our lineage goes back to Transylvania where only the best vampires, ghouls and werewolves came from, you know."

"We have a black sheep in the family, too," Eddie always pipes up — before the others can hush him up. "A **human** who couldn't even cast evil spells or turn into a Zombie. He slept in a bed instead of a coffin."

"Let me tell you about the **normal** side of our ancestry," chimes in Herman. "Take Great Uncle Ghoulash who was the caretaker of a graveyard. It was his job to make sure all vampires were back by dawn and to tuck them into their underground caskets. But he disgraced himself when he sent forth the vampires during an eclipse of the sun, thinking it was nightfall and five minutes later, when the eclipse ended, they all sort of withered away."

"Then there's our family skeleton," Lily says blushingly as she opens a closet door. "Poor thing, it's only skin and bones — without the skin. Come out, Rattles, and clack your teeth nice for our readers. He was a Beastman who lived a century ago and was a great fox hunter. In fact, you don't hear of the Jonathan Fox family at all anymore. But he died of overeating — when he wandered among a cannibal tribe and lived with them for a year."

"I like my cousins," volunteers pretty Marilyn who has the only handicap in her family — she looks quite human. "The leprechauns, goblins and fairies. Their roll-n-rock dances are cool! You know, where you roll over sharp rocks while funeral music keeps the beat — how beat up you are, that is. The goblins, who live underground, have great fun setting off fireworks. They use volcano eruptions and give people the hot-foot with hot lava. Great sense of humor. Their jokes kill you."

"But your godmother, the Good Fairy," reminds her mother Lily, "crossed you up. Every night at the stroke of midnight, party or not, you turn into a pumpkin. And your glass slippers . . . how can you stand those slivers in your feet?"

"Let's go way back for centuries to the castle of Baron Brimstone Munster," reminisces Grandpa again, with great pride. "He could throw whopping fire-bolts and never bothered to walk through a forest — just burned it down ahead of him. He always showed his guest a hot time. He'd serve the crepes suzettes cold and set their chairs on fire. His favorite pet was the fire-breathing dragon but the poor thing ate a heap of black rocks one time, thinking it was coal, and died of malnutrition."

"We don't like to talk about Minnie Munster," says Herman in a low whisper. "A tragic story. You see, she married a **Monster.** Man named Michael Monster

MUNSTER Family

who was a plain, hard-working cobbler who had no magic powers whatsoever. Minnie lived a monstrous life without any fun going vampiring under the full moon or riding broomsticks. I'm sure she regretted marrying and changing her name from Munster to Monster and then being ostracized by all the decent monsters of the Munster tribe . . . if you follow me."

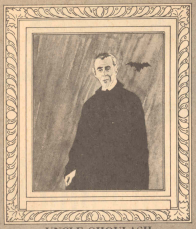
"Old Wizard Munster," adds Lily, "had no shadow and no mirror image at all. Folks could always see through him — he was invisible half the time. But he would often use the wrong charms and magic words and get all mixed up — like when he accidentally turned himself into a toad and lived with them for a year before he remembered he was a Munster and changed himself back. Only he changed himself back into an oak tree and they had to dig him up by the roots to bring him home, until he remembered the magic words for turning into himself. Nuts? Oh yes, he produced a crop of acorns while he was a tree."

"Our family fortune," informs Grandpa Munster, "was founded last century by Moneybags Munster. But he wasn't successful at first, trying to peddle such things as the Puny Potion which made people small and weak. Or the Eczema Elixir for those itching to get somewhere. Not to mention Old Age Serum that aged you 50 years in the wink of an eye. But he finally struck it rich by accident, when angrily casting a spell and curdling the milk of cows owned by a farmer who wouldn't buy his Weed-Grow Spray for choking out grass. The curdling curse became a product that still sells today — Munster Cheese, of course."

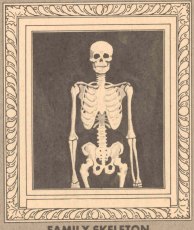
"I always like the stories about Black-and-Bluebeard Munster, the Pirate," gloats little Eddie again, slashing the air with an imaginary scimitar. "Ship after ship he boarded and raided, tossing all their useless gold and jewels overboard and seizing their big treasures — rotten wood planks, covered with green scum and slimey mold. They always make the best vampire coffins, you see. But he came to a bad end — met a mermaid and ran away undersea with her. His last words were — glub . . . urgle."

"Of course we can really go back much further in our family tree," interjects Grandpa Munster studiously, "to the days of ancient Egypt, where Mummy Munster reigned as Pharaoh, during the Demon Dynasty. He was wrapped up in his work — writing hieroglyphics on mummy-wrappings. He built the biggest pyramid of all but the wrong way — from the little end up. It all collapsed and crushed a thousand slaves. It was terrible — took weeks to get the red stain out of the sand and restore the natural beauty of the desert. His wife was an odd character who never spoke, not even to their children. They called her Mum Mummy Munster."

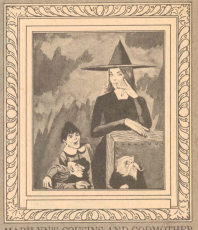
"Dracula?" answers Herman when asked this key question. "Frankenstein? The Wolfman? The Blob? Never heard of them! What have they got to do with our family tree? They're **monsters**."



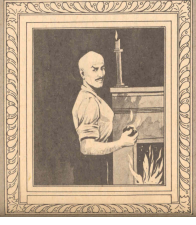
UNCLE GHOULASH



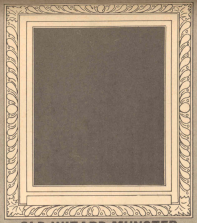
FAMILY SKELETON



MARILYN'S COUSINS AND GODMOTHER

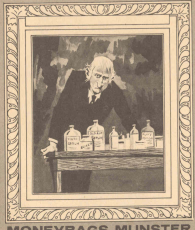


BARON BRIMSTONE

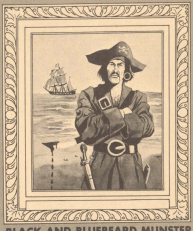


OLD WIZARD MUNSTER

MINNIE MUNSTER AND HUSBAND
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST



MONEYBAGS MUNSTER



BLACK-AND-BLUEBEARD MUNSTER

MUMMY MUNSTER

HERMAN-LAUGHING AT HIS OWN CORNY-GOULISH JOKES

THE MUNSTER JOKE BOOK

EDDIE: *Grandpa . . . why did you call your last wife Fungus?*
GRANDPA: I don't know. I guess she just sort of grew on me!

* * * *

EDDIE: *Say, Grandpa . . . what was it that witch told you back in 1545?*
GRANDPA: I believe her last words were: 'I'm smoking more now, but enjoying it less.'

* * * *

EDDIE: *Dad, how do you make a kitchen sink?*
HERMAN: Simple, son. Blow up a dam and flood the house.

* * * *

EDDIE: *Mom, why did the cannibals invite a midget sailor to dinner?*
LILY: Because they felt their stew needed a little salt.

* * * *

HERMAN: *What did the witch say when she flew away from the scaffold?*
MARILYN: No noose is good noose.

* * * *

EDDIE: *Mom, what was the nicest thing any one ever said to you?*
LILY: Oh, that's easy. It was 'You're such a pain in the neck.'

* * * *

LILY: *I love dining with eskimos.*
GRANDPA: Why?
LILY: Because they make my blood run cold.

* * * *

An exclusive article by the mad scientist who toured graveyards and funeral parlors searching for the parts to piece together the kooky car that has captured the imagination of fiends everywhere!

by George Barris

as told to Roger Elwood

On Tour THE MUNS

Herman Munster looks joyfully at his scale model of the Munster Koach which is available at all hobby and department stores.

Fans pack in like sardines just to get a glimpse of the touring Munster Koach.

The Munster Koach has toured the nation as part of many auto exhibitions, school celebrations, the Macy Thanksgiving Day Parade, a Marineland Spectacular, the Art Linkletter TV Show and various hospital charity events plus a tour that I personally have conducted from New York to Pittsburgh, Detroit, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and other locations.

A MOMENT OF HAPPINESS

I remember in particular a visit to a crippled children's hospital. Herman, Grandpa and I got out of the car and waved to the many smiling and curious faces pressed against the hospital's windows. Some of the children were waiting for us out in front, in wheelchairs and on crutches, with braces and wooden legs. We talked to them for a while and showed those that could walk what the inside of the Koach looked like. Then we went into the hospital and chatted with the other boys and girls whose lives meant endless days and nights, weeks and months of confinement between the barren walls of a hospital room or the long, antiseptic corridors that formed man-made labyrinths inside the huge, grey building.

For a few minutes, a few precious, unforgettable minutes, we brought happiness into the lives of those children. How odd it is that Herman and Grandpa, two creatures from the crypt, were responsible for doing this when "normal" people had failed in many cases.

So we left, waving to them again. A few were crying, the rest just silent, retreating once more in their private worlds of pain and anguish.

As you can well judge, the combination of a successful TV show and the unusual characteristics of the Munster Koach have made this vehicle an accepted "star" in its own right. I have definite reports, for example, that the Sacramento California State Fairgrounds officials reported a 42.5 percent raise in attendance when the Munster Koach was a featured attraction. At the new 21 million dollar Concourse Center in San Diego, the doors had to be closed on Saturday at 8:30 for the first time in history, due to the overflow crowds inside and many thousands of patrons waiting outside.

LONG LOST RELATIVE

There have been a number of memorable moments such as the Marineland appearance mentioned earlier. Lily peered in at a huge tortoise and remarked: "Uncle Albert always said we'd meet face-to-face again!"

With Her Koach

PHOTOS COURTESY OF BARRIS KUSTOM CITY, NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA & AMT CORPORATION OF DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Koach's proud papa, its creator — George Barris.

Aside from seeing old relatives, the Munsters thoroughly enjoyed themselves and Grandpa bowed very graciously when the crowds applauded him. He remarked to me: "Last time I saw so many people was during the days of the French Revolution. That was when they *really* lost their heads!"

DRACULA DAY

Especially notable was the Dracula Day Celebration which was given extensive publicity in most *Hearst* newspapers. Grandpa's buddies from the old days (or nights, as the case may be) gathered around the Koach and spoke admiringly of it. Later, after they'd all left Forest Lawn where only *a few* of them were plotted, Grandpa told me: "They're all selfmade men. Clawed their way to the top — for fresh air, of course!"

We've seen a great deal of the United Stakes (er, I mean *States*. Grandpa always frowns when I mispronounce that word by *mistake*. Oh, there I go again!) and met many thousands of people. We've seen big cities and small, the most famous cemeteries and those which are lesser known (Grandpa's and Lily's relatives prefer out-of-the-way places, you know!). We've toasted — I *should* say, *hosted* — important dignitaries and been guests at local Chambers of Commerce (Grandpa tells them about *his* chamber and they usually go a little batty). The length and breadth and depth (the *best* direction of all) of this great land has been our opened oyster. We've seen America's great resources and industries and touched the lives of people everywhere.

The Munster Koach just as it is about to be loaded into a United Batlines jet.

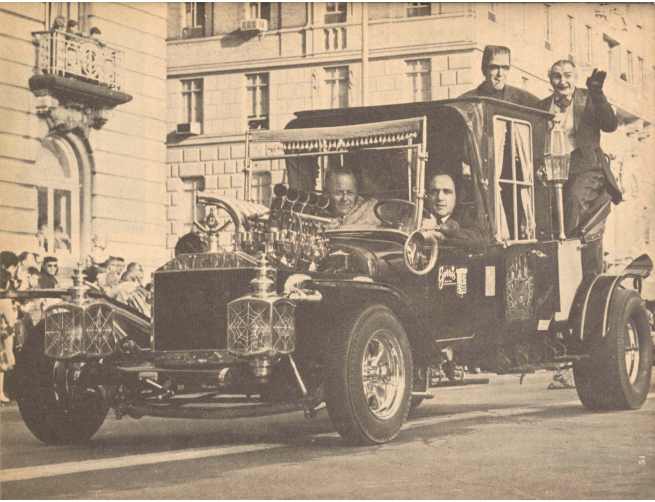
TENDER MEMORY

But none of us will forget those whose daily existences were brightened a little, just a little, by a few words of kindness and a little laughter, particularly the crippled children, the ones needing something a bit different to interrupt an endless succession of lonely hours and sad, sad tears. Herman and Grandpa and I can joke about a lot of things but for those children, those crippled and deformed and helpless youngsters, we can have only compassion and tenderness.

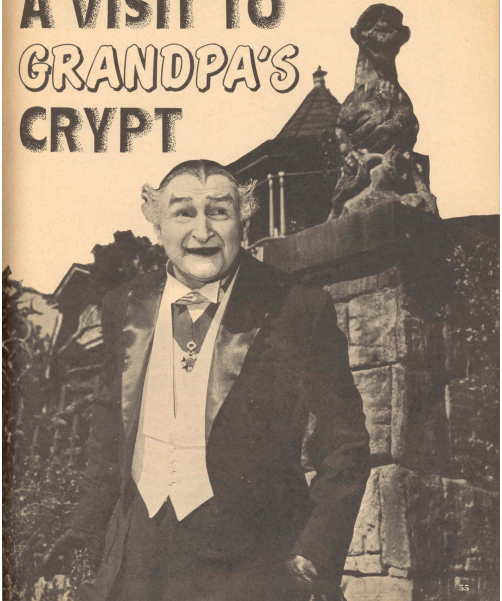
Except for the grace of God, you or I might indeed be like one of *them*.

The Munster Koach as it rides merrily along the Hollywood Freeway.

PART II — NEXT ISSUE
THE FURTHER TRAVELS OF THE MUNSTER KOACH



A VISIT TO GRANDPA'S CRYPT



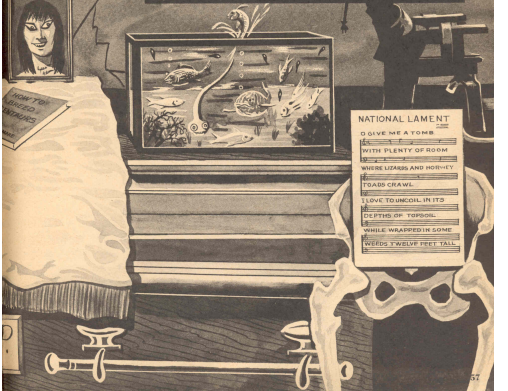
HOT BLOODED
COLD BLOODED
COLD BLOOD AND GUTS

No one knows for sure when it started or really **why** it started. Nevertheless, for hundreds of years, a vampire who leaves Transylvania always takes his coffin (with a few handfuls of earth from his family graveyard) along with him wherever he travels. (Some say the tradition began when a vampire tried to fly into a Paris hotel just as the sun was coming up, and was driven off by the unfriendly inn-keeper.) In any event, at the first rays of morning sunshine, vampires seek out their coffins and expire for the rest of the day.

So it was, one dawn, that Grandpa opened the lid of his tomb-away-from-tomb and scratched out a comfortable niche for himself in his native earth. He climbed in; turned around and around a few times being being layed out. He then chanted the incantation muttered by all vampires before they fall asleep:

"Now I lay me down to sleep
In earth dug out from six feet deep.
I want to doze until I wake
So keep your paws off that sharpened stake."

Having had a particularly busy night (it was a full moon), Grandpa fell into a stupor almost immediately. Occasionally, his nose would twitch and he'd whimper as he dreamed of the adventures he'd had only a few hours before. Therefore, we were able to take advantage of Grandpa's suspended state of animation to examine just what goes into (but never escapes from) a vampire's coffin. With your permission, we shall describe the entire contraption.



The Day LILY Went Shopping

Ordinarily, Lily Munster rarely ventures out of her snug little poison-ivy covered cottage in the daytime. However, this one particular afternoon was an exception. A shipping strike had delayed the goods the Munster family was expecting from Transylvania and the supplies in the Munster cupboard were running low. There were just a few tins of breast of vulture left and the last moldy slice of bread had been charred for breakfast that morning. So Lily put on her cloak, dabbed a bit of Musk Ox essence (unrefined) behind her ears and set out with her shopping basket on her arm. The basket was a family heirloom having been used by the guillotine contingent of the French Revolution to carry odds and ends.

And off she went downtown!

Her first stop was the butcher shop. She didn't know the address, or where it was, but she just followed her nose and found it.

"Good afternoon," she said to the butcher.

"Boy," he thought to himself . . . "them fashions is getting wackier every day."

Lily said: "I'd like a nice, plump vulture please . . . for boiling. Herman isn't feeling too well, and I always say a bowl of vulture soup can cure anything."

"Vulture, lady? We ain't got any vultures."

"Oh, dear. What have you got in feathers?"

"Well, we got chickens."

"Chickens? Dear, dear. I suppose it will have to be a chicken, then. All right, you can give me the bird."

"Gotcha, lady. Here's a fresh-killed one."

"Oh, you didn't have to go to all the trouble. I'd also like some red meat. Do you have a side of moose?"

"Moose? Ya mean moose like something big and fat and ugly?"

Lily laughed. "Oh, you've met my father, then?"

"Stop the kidding, lady. We've got beef and lamb and . . ."

"All right," she said, "wrap up a cow and deliver it to 1313 Mockingbird Lane. Oh . . . and if no one's home, just take her around to the back and tie her to a tree. She can graze there for a while. Don't want her losing weight before dinner."

As Lily walked out of the shop, the butcher walked over to a cabinet behind the counter. He took out a bottle, looked at the label and before emptying the contents into a sink, said . . . "So help me, I'll never touch a drop again."

Lily's next stop was a department store. She walked around the various counters on the main floor. A saleslady approached:

"May I help you?"

"Well," Lily mused, "perhaps you can. I've been looking at drapery goods but I don't really see anything I like."

"What did you have in mind?"

"Oh, I thought I'd put up some cheerful curtains in the kitchen but you just don't have the shade of black I want, nor the filmy texture I prefer. But it doesn't matter. There's still lots of material left in Grand Mama's coffin for me to cut up and she's such a sweetie about it all that she actually tears it for me herself.

"Incidentally," Lily said to the salesgirl, "I think you should do something about those girdles you sell. A respectable store like this shouldn't have such things so easily available to the unsuspecting public. They do cut off one's blood circulation, you know, and I sometimes find it difficult to draw my hostess out when I drop in unexpectedly of an evening."

Lily's next stop on her shopping tour was a fruit and vegetable shop.

"Good afternoon," said Lily to the proprietor.

"Hey, Angelo," he called to his partner, "the dump truck didn't pick up the crates of rotten potatoes we threw out."

"Wonderful," said Lily. "I'll take half a dozen, please. And, I'd like some fruit, too. I think a bunch of banana skins will do."

"Skins, lady? Just the skins?"

"Of course, just the skins. Our pet gorilla is on a diet."

Lily walked over to the mushroom display. "Are these poisonous," she asked?

"Of course not," the vegetable man answered.

"Too bad. I thought mushrooms would go nice with the raw liver we're having tonight."

"Yeh, sure, lady," he said. "You're joking, of course, but don't mushrooms taste good with steak . . . not liver?"

"I'd bite your tongue for saying that," she shrieked, "except that I'm in a hurry now. In my family, we never, but never say that horrible word . . . stake."

Lily had one more stop; the electrician's shop.

"Hello," she said, "I'm Mrs. Munster. I understand you have an electric fan of ours that needed fixing."

The electrician looked at her. He thought to himself . . . "I must still be having aftereffects from the time I stuck my finger in a shorted socket." He said to her . . . "Yes, maam. Here it is. I got it fixed up like your son said he wanted it. It's revved up to go seven hundred and fifty revolutions a second. Tell me . . . I'm curious. What's the reason you want it to go so fast? Are you going to use it as an extra motor on a plane or something?"

"Oh, no," Lily laughed. "Grandpa said it wasn't enough of a challenge anymore. You know bats can fly through the blades of a fan just using their radar and since Grandpa's been taking vitamins, he's full of energy and flies faster than ever."

As Lily closed the door behind her, the electrician walked slowly to a chair in a back room. It was his surplus equipment storage room. He sat down in a gadget-covered chair and slowly buckled the straps. Then he pulled a switch. "It's the way a man in *my* business *should* go," he thought, as the smoke came out of his ears.

Back home, Lily took off her cloak and walked into the kitchen to prepare the evening meal. She thought to herself . . . "I really must write to the President and tell him our neighborhood is such a poverty pocket. Those poor people out there . . . forced to eat such low quality foods. Maybe I can arrange to have Transylvanian Care packages sent . . ."

GRANDPA IN A TIME MACHINE

It all began the day Grandpa found his favorite house-plant wilting. The poor little thing seemed to have hardly enough strength to get down so much as a spoonful of bloodworm tonic. And it had been a long time since it even had the energy to pluck its own spiders out of the air.

Grandpa, whose thumbs have been green since the day he died, immediately diagnosed the ailment. "The plant," he told his worried family, "is suffering from indigestion brought on by a diet composed largely of tourist-fed alligators from Florida."

"After all," Grandpa pointed out, "from the day it was just a seedling–the day Cleo herself planted it in her brother's tomb–it had been thriving on a diet of scrawny, slave-fed Nile River Crocodile. So, naturally, this American food, being so much richer in vitamins, was bound to upset its tummy. I think I'll just uproot it for a while and bring it back to Cleo where it can rest and come back to its normal self under her tender, loving care . . . especially now that Marc Antony's eating her out of house and palace, and the slaves are even scrawnier than ever. So the crocs will be fine plant food as long as it needs a weaker diet."

"Shall I pack you a pine-box lunch," Lily asked?

"Don't bother," Grandpa answered, "I can live off the land. I never have trouble finding someone to leech onto."

That night, Grandpa flew to his basement crypt. He glided over to a corner of the room and pushed back the lid of a dust-covered coffin. All at once, the rich smell of graveyard mold filled the room. Grandpa let its tantalizing odor tickle his nostrils. He ran his fingers through the Transylvanian earth. "Ah," he said, "I remember the night I dug it up." (Everyone knows that vampires *always* travel with a coffin filled with their native earth . . .)

"I'd offer this invention to the Government" he said, "but I don't think they're *ready* to use a genuine Transylvanian time machine yet. They're still only *trying* to get blood from a stone at income tax time. When they finally succeed in bleeding everyone dry, *then* they'll be ready to use this machine to hunt for other victims."

Grandpa clutched the sick plant in one hand and dug out a comfortable trench in the earth. He settled himself down; pulled the lid over him and concentrated: "Egypt, 50, B. C."

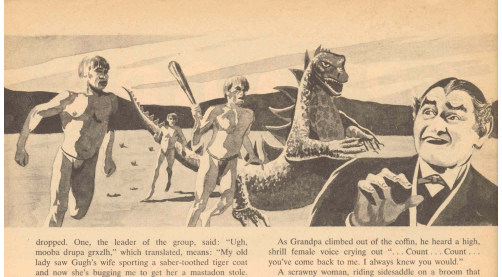
But something went wrong. A worm, which had made its home in the coffin for many years, suddenly burrowed up from the bottom of the earth, tickled Grampa's ear, and caused his concentration to go wrong. As a result, Grandpa found himself in the middle of a rocky plain . . . somewhere around 50,000 B. C.

Volcanoes were erupting all around him. "At least it's a cheerful spot," he said, as the coffin floated on top of a lava stream. He flew out. "Might as well get a bite," he said, when he spotted a long necked tyronosaur lumbering by.

Wiping his lips with the end of his cape, and leaving a rather puzzled prehistoric monster licking its wounds, Grandpa thought he'd walk around a bit.

"This looks like my Grandpa's hometown. Yes, there's the very tar pit he fell into when he was a little boy. We have the picture at home in my album. And there are some of Grandpa's in-laws flying around." He waved to the winged lizards that were gliding overhead. "Oh, oh, there are those newcomers who spoiled the neighborhood when they moved in. They took over all the cave, cleaned up the interiors so that no self-respecting bat would ever rent around here anymore. I wonder if those homo sapiens will ever become civilized or if they'll always remain barbaric."

Those "newcomers," as Grandpa called them, were a motley crew of early cavemen, out on a hunting expedition. They carried huge rocks and long, heavy clubs. They were grunting about their wives and Grandpa eaves-



dropped. One, the leader of the group, said: "Ugh, mooba drupa grxzlh," which translated, means: "My old lady saw Gugh's wife sporting a saber-toothed tiger coat and now she's bugging me to get her a mastadon stole. Nag, nag, nag. That's all she does. And if I don't get her ths stole, I know I'll never hear the end of it. Whose bright idea was it anyhow to teach women how to talk?"

Suddenly, the hunting band spotted Grandpa. "Hey, you guys," one of the cavemen said, "it's one of them wetbacks from the jungle country. Let's get him."

Grandpa muttered under his breath. "Wetback? That's only my watered-silk cloak."

The cavemen began peling Grandpa with rocks and brandished their clubs menacingly. One of them picked up a tree branch. Its end was split off and had developed into a rather pointed tip.

"Uh, oh," said Grandpa, "sticks and stones won't break my bones, but wooden stakes can be heartbreaking."

He stretched his arms and flew off towards his coffin. One of the gliding lizards bumped into him. "Give my regards to the family," he said, "and tell Uncle Irving that Cousin Marvin's doing great in medical school. He looks wonderful in that jar on the shelf."

Grandpa got back into the coffin and concentrated again on 50 B.C. but that worm dazed his eyebrows this time, so that the next thing he knew, Grandpa found himself somewhere in the middle of the Seventeenth Century, in the Colony of Massachusetts, the settlement called Salem.

It was Springtime in Salem and the trees were heavy with green leaves; birds sang in the branches and the bright sun shone warmly on the rolling hills while the waters of a bubbling stream danced along its course.

"Oh, oh," said Grandpa, "another lousy day. It there's anything I ever said about New England it was 'you can't trust its weather.' One day it'll be nice and foggy with ships cracking up all along the coastline; the next day it's like this. Oh, well, might as well get out and stretch my legs a little."

As Grandpa climbed out of the coffin, he heard a high, shrill female voice crying out ". . . Count . . . Count . . . you've come back to me. I always knew you would."

A scrawny woman, riding sidesaddle on a broom that was rapidly losing its bristles as it brushed up against the trees, was waving to him.

"Here I come," she said, as she braked to a landing right in front of Grandpa. "Dear boy," she cooed, as she put her two skinny arms around his neck, brushed her toothless lips against his cheek, and wrapped her bony body around him . . . "You didn't forget me, after all."

"How are you, Esmeralda," Grandpa said. "Long time no see."

"Oh, I've been just fine, Count, although I must admit I haven't been quite the same since my trial. They found me innocent, you know, and I've had the devil of a time trying to live down the laughs and hootings of the other girls. They say I just didn't scare the Salem citizenry enough to make them believe I really *was* a witch. Well, better luck next time although I am getting tired of hanging around for my hanging. But, tell me, dear Count, what brings you to Salem today?"

"Merely a miscalculation of my coffin, Esmeralda. Incidentally, you know I've always carried a torch for you."

"Oh, Count, you do say the sweetest things. But, I cound not accept your proposal. I'm a career girl and I don't think I could combine magic and marriage as your other one hundred and fifty wives."

"One hundred and fifty *one*," Grandpa corrected her. "The last one made me clope with her while I was still under the effects of drinking fermented blood-orange juice. But, I must say, I am *not* sorry I did it. She's a pretty little pale thing."

"Well," said Esmeralda, "why don't you let me show you around. Things have changed a little since you were here last. A whole tribe of Red Indians are camped nearby and I was hoping you'd drop in to visit with them. You have such a way of changing Redmen to Palefaces in short order."

"That's sweet of you, Essie, but I really must fly. Cleo is expecting me and I don't want to keep her waiting. You know she has a reputation for being impatient. Confidentially, I always thought she was pretty much a spoiled brat and I got that impression right from the snake's mouth."

"Goodbye then, Count, and don't think I shall ever forget what we were to each other. Why, the last man who carried a torch for me actually used it! Boy, was I burned at him."

Grandpa got back into his time machine and concentrated again. And once again that darned little worm turned so that while Grandpa tried to think of Egypt, 50 B.C., out came a thought reading: "Stop kidding around." Consequently, Grandpa pushed back the lid of his coffin to find himself on the decks of a pirate ship commanded by none other than Captain Kidd. The smell of smoke was all around him. He heard the booming crescendos of cannons . . . the rasp of steel swords and the cries of wild bucanneers, lost in a blood lust of looting as they were engaged in boarding the unfortunate ship that had crossed its path.

"Hey, Captain," Grandpa called as the bucanneer chief crawled past on his belly, a knife clutched between his teeth.

"Hi, Count," Kidd answered. "Talk to you in a little bit. First I've got to send that other boat to the bottom. I don't want those sharks thinking I'm ignoring them at mealtime."

After the smoke of battle cleared, Captain Kidd and Grandpa talked over old times.

"Do you remember," said the pirate, "how you gave me my first fencing lessons? You always said, 'don't puncture too deeply . . . to save a little for the next day' I wonder if, when they tell stories about me someday, they'll find out that my mother was a vampire and that I inherited some of that bloody behavior from her?"

"I'm not sure," said Grandpa, "but I think they refer to you as 'bloodthirsty' if that makes you feel any better."

"Count, you *are* just my type," said Kidd.

"Not quite," answered Grandpa. "I think, as I recall the last time we had dinner together, you were RH negative."

"What a memory. Listen, me hearty, would you like to push a captive swabbie off the plank?"

"No thanks, Cappy. As I told you, I can't keep a lady waiting. As it is, I'm very late now so, with your permission, I'll fly off. Oh, and if I don't see you before they hang you, I'll see you when you dig up your treasure chest. It's still in the same spot you buried it but don't worry, I'll never give away your secret. From me the world will never learn the chest is filled with your dirty laundry."

Grandpa eased back into the coffin again and this time the calculation went off perfectly, except for one slight hitch. Grandpa was in Rome. Cleo was there all right and so was Marc Antony.

Suddenly, a man's gruff voice thundered. "Will somebody get that old man off the set. If he's looking for the 'I Was A Teenage Vampire' stage. Somebody tell him where to go."

"I beg your pardon," Grandpa said to the man, who sat in a chair marked 'director.' " "I merely happen to be visiting two of my oldest friends and I don't understand your attitude at all."

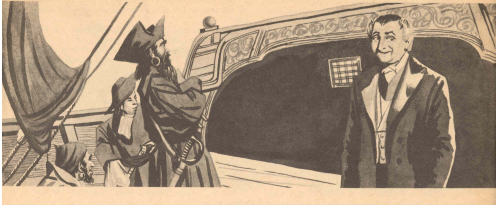
At that, the lovers turned to look at the source of the interruption. Grandpa stared back at them. He said: "Upon my word, you are not Cleo . . . and you, sir, are not Tony. I confess you both look a bit familiar but you aren't going to get away with impersonating royalty . . . not while I'm around."

The man in Marc Antony's costume said: "I, my dear sir, am from Wales."

Grandpa answered: "Another lie. I happen to know Jonah very well, and you don't look as if you've ever been in a whales stomach."

The make-believe Cleopatra batted her violet eyes at him and said: "Oooooooh, you are cute even if you are a little bats."

Grandpa thundered: "Another insult. I am *not* a little



bats. I am a big bats. Young lady, you should bite your tongue, but I'm sure you couldn't even do that properly."

The beautiful girl appeared to ignore Grandpa's remark. Her eyes were riveted on the coffin. She looked in and saw the sickly plant. She picked it up. "Poor little thing," she said. To Marc Antony, she whispered: "It looks like one of my former husbands but I'm not sure which."

As her soft white hands caressed the plant, it suddenly seemed to take on renewed life. Its tendrils shot up prouder than ever. "Look, Richard," she said to her companion, "it likes me."

"That's the bloodiest thing I've ever seen," he said. "Reminds me of the time my uncle found a slimy, disgusting, horrible 'thing' in the mines back in Wales. I get the same feeling now I got when Uncle described his discovery."

"Ah, ha," said Grandpa. "Now you are telling the truth for once. That 'thing' as your uncle called it, was *my* cousin, Max, who had been living in a coal mine somewhere in Great Britain ever since he welshed out on a deal to sell a used soul to some devil of a guy named satan."

Just then, the young woman's arms went around Grandpa's neck. "Take me away with you. *You* are the perfect man for me . . . the one I've searched for all my life. In you I can find a lover . . . a father figure . . . a grandfather figure . . . everything."

"I'm sorry," Grandpa said, "but I am very fussy about my women. When I marry them, they know their place. I am the star in the family and with you I have a feeling we'd always fight. The last actress I became interested in was Theda Bara and she had a nerve calling *herself* a vamp when everything she knew she learned from me."

The girl's eyes stared at him as tears welled up. She began to cry hysterically: "No man has ever said no to me before. Don't you understand I'm Taylor-Maid for you. I have never asked alimony from any of my husbands. I won't ask for a cent of blood money when we get divorced either."

"Thank you for the sentiment," Grandpa said, "but I'm afraid it's *still* no. However, you have done wonders with my plant; saves me a trip to Egypt. Tell me, if I ever have to get in touch with you, where will you be?"

"In the movies," she said, "and I'll arrange for you to get a pass any time you want to see me."

"No need for that," Grandpa replied, "I never have trouble getting in. I merely fly in at night and hang from the balcony."

Grandpa turned to the Welshman. "Well, goodbye, my boy. If you should stumble across my cousin Max again, give him my regards. And I'd like to give you a little bit of advice. Don't knock yourself out trying to make it with the ladies. Either you're a born wolf or you're not and I can tell from here you haven't got a drop of wolf blood in your body. Resign yourself to a lonely life. Women will never want you."

The husky young man's voice cracked as he said: "Thank you . . . thank you, sir. I was waiting for those very words. Actually, I always wanted to be a monk in a Tibetan lamasary and as soon as I finish this picture, I'll fulfill my dearest dream at last."

As Grandpa's coffin sped off back to Mockingbird Lane, he thought to himself, "I wonder if the world will ever know what happened here today? I guess not. I guess those two young people will fade into obscurity. But then, I do have a knack for making people fade, don't I?"

GRANDPA
IN A TIME MACHINE

TEASER FLICKS

Rattle your skull and tell us which films they're from!

The pixs below are two of the rarest in the history of horror. They are priceless to any fan and irreplaceable to any collector. Both are from Frankenstein films. But which ones? Can you name the movies? The first 25 readers who send in the correct answers will get **both** pictures as a gift from us. the **next** 25 will have their choice of **either** photo . . . just our way of saying "Thank you" for reading this first issue of the OFFICIAL MUNSTERS MAGAZINE. Judging by earliest postmark, so hurry!!!

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